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May 1953, 50 cents



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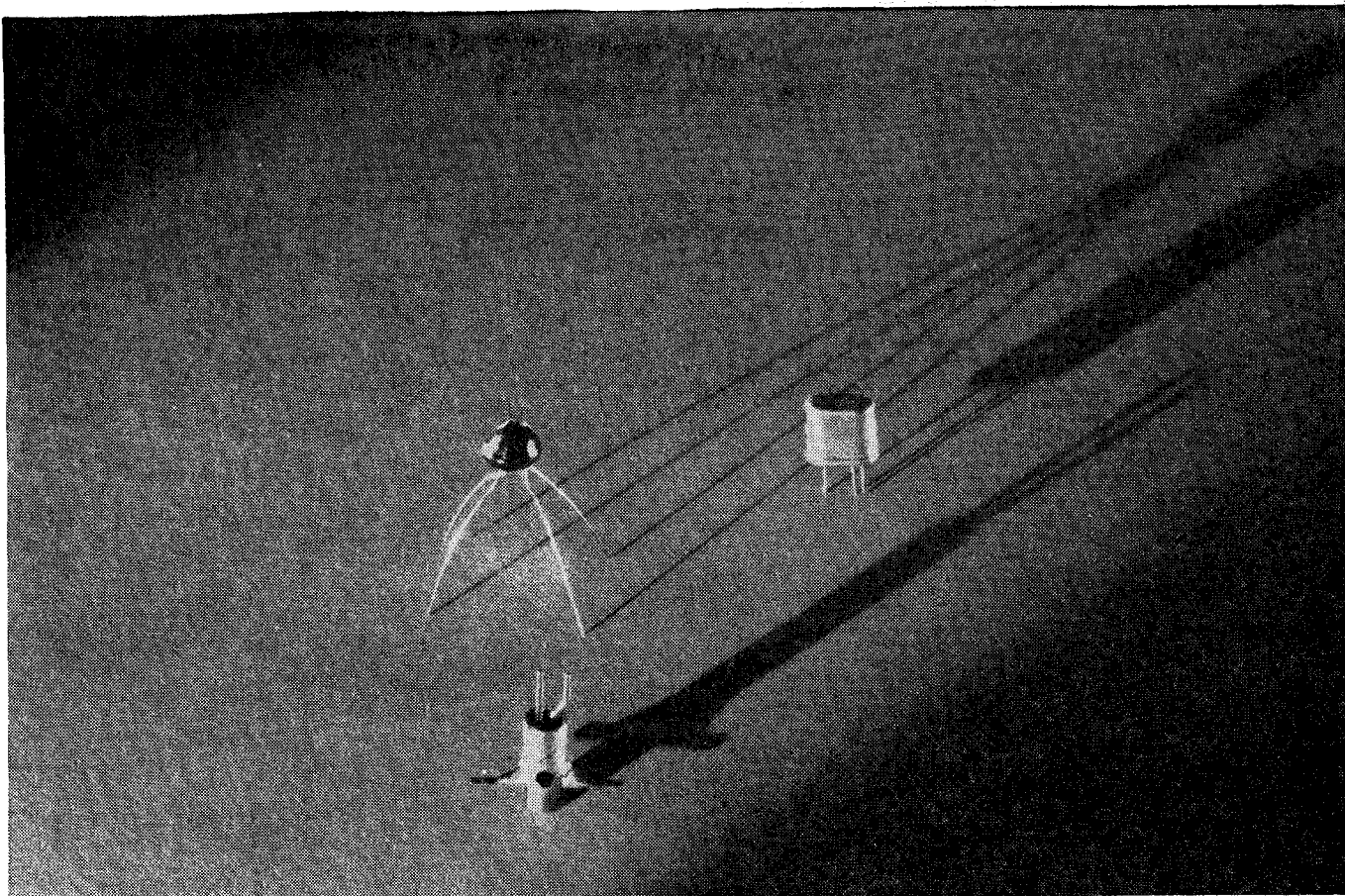
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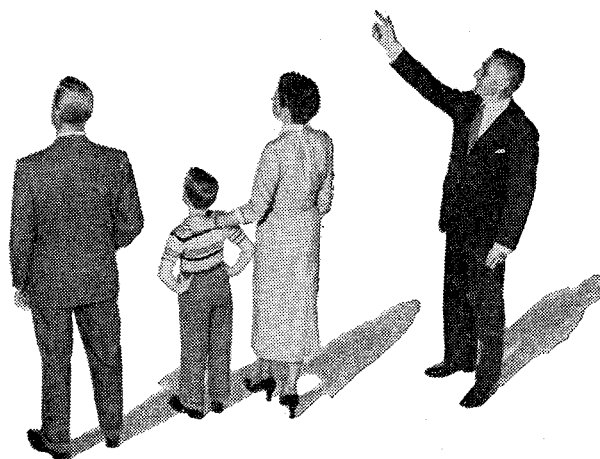
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Pakistan

THE least understood great power of Asia today is probably Pakistan. To Western eyes, Pakistan is that "other India," the vestige that was left over when India achieved her independence. A Pakistani is always being taken for an Indian, simply because he is a citizen of the same sub-continent. He feels something like an Israeli being taken for an Arab because both are Semites.

Pakistan would be easier to understand at a distance if it were one remnant. But it is made up of two unequal lobes separated by the vast territory of India — hung like two great ears of an elephant, two Muslim ears on an Indian skull.

West Pakistan, the left-hand ear, has some 33 million people, including energetic mountaineers and light-skinned members of the ancient Aryan races. East Pakistan, separated from the other ear by a thousand miles of Indian brow, has a darker, tamer race of rice and jute growers and there are some 42 million of them. In their swampy forest they are packed 800 to the square mile, while in the parched western plains there are hardly 110 people to a square mile.

The plan for a split Muslim nation, sketched by the father of Pakistan, the lean, aristocratic reed of fire called Mohammed Ali Jinnah, drew little encouragement from Lord Louis Mountbatten, Nehru, and Gandhi, fellow artisans of the division.

Nehru had predicted earlier that a Muslim state carved out of India would collapse. In 1936 he had written: "Politically the idea is absurd, economically it is fantastic. . . . And even if many people believed in it, it would still vanish at the touch of reality."

Few people in the West, at first, wished Pakistan well. Pakistan, a new "Islamic Democracy" with the Muslim religion as the foundation for its existence, did not seem to be a blessed move toward the oneness of the world. The terrible mutual slaughters that accompanied the exchange of populations when Pakistan and India separated caused many observers to ask why so much blood was necessary, and to blame it on Pakistan. The contrast seemed the more striking because 43 million Muslims remained in "Bharat," as the Pakistanis call India, not going over to Pakistan at all.

West and East Pakistan, even amid so much pessimism, stoutly refused to make the worst come true. When Jinnah died his spirit was carried on by the cool international lawyer Zafrullah Khan, and by the able, thoroughly modern premier, Liaquat Ali Khan and his Begum, who bore with grace and good humor a Western opinion that often confused them with Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan. A fanatic Afghan emptied a revolver into Liaquat Ali Khan in the old Kipling town of Rawalpindi; still Pakistan did not waste away, but found fresh hope in the new Prime Minister, the roly-poly little politician Khawaja Nazimuddin.

Kashmir, Asian Trieste

When Greece and Turkey exchanged populations a few years ago, they passed from being enemies to being allies of sorts. Pakistan and India are such a natural partnership, too, but the reconciliation has never taken place. What prevents it is the question of Kashmir, the mountain state wedged into the Western Himalayas.

Kashmir is partly Hindu, partly Tibetan Buddhist, but mostly Muslim. Yet India holds most of



THOUGHTS at 4 A. M.

It's four o'clock in the morning, and all the world's asleep.

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RESOURCES			OBLIGATIONS		
		Per Cent			Per Cent
*Bonds and Stocks			Policyholders' Funds		
U. S. Government obligations	\$ 578,532,808	(8.8)	To cover future payments under insurance and annuity contracts in force	55,378,522,180	(81.9)
Dominion of Canada obligations	181,102,341	(2.8)	Held on deposit for policyholders and beneficiaries	349,336,379	(5.3)
Public utility bonds	824,100,327	(12.5)	Dividends and annuities left on deposit with the Society at interest	166,143,981	(2.5)
Railroad obligations	578,908,245	(8.8)	Policy claims in process of payment	33,336,365	(0.5)
Industrial obligations	2,024,046,123	(30.8)	Premiums paid in advance by policyholders	88,298,369	(1.3)
Other bonds	237,898,549	(3.6)	Dividends due and unpaid to policyholders	7,259,663	(0.1)
Preferred and guaranteed stocks	110,507,345	(1.7)	Allocated as dividends for distribution during 1953	86,451,088	(1.3)
Common stocks	10,645,337	(0.2)	Other Liabilities		
Mortgages and Real Estate			Taxes—federal, state and other	23,990,000	(0.4)
Residential and business mtgs.	1,153,505,556	(17.5)	Expenses accrued, unearned interest and other obligations	12,552,044	(0.2)
Farm mortgages	226,032,496	(3.4)	Security valuation reserve	30,579,957	(0.5)
Home & branch office buildings	11,401,221	(0.2)	Surplus Funds		
Housing developments and other real estate	175,065,207	(2.7)	To cover all contingencies	395,224,468	(6.0)
Other Assets			Total	\$6,371,694,494	(100.0)
Cash	86,628,650	(1.3)			
Transportation equipment	109,502,039	(1.7)			
Loans to policyholders	157,551,536	(2.4)			
Premiums in process of collection	51,651,972	(0.8)			
Interest and rentals due and accrued and other assets	54,604,742	(0.8)			
Total	\$6,371,694,494	(100.0)			

*Including \$6,255,860 on deposit with public authorities.
In accordance with requirements of law all bonds subject to amortization are stated at their amortized value and all other bonds and stocks are valued at the market quotations on December 31, 1952, as prescribed by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners. In addition, as required, a security valuation reserve is included among the liabilities.

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The Atlantic Report *on Pakistan*



it. Irregulars from Pakistan's Khyber Pass country, riding in trucks with homemade rifles over their shoulders, attempted to take the lovely lakeland of Kashmir for their own, to "liberate" it, not without some looting. Nehru snapped in paratroopers and followed them with Indian army regulars. He still holds the country, stalling off the endless demands by both the UN and Pakistan for a plebiscite.

The Pakistanis managed to save for themselves less than half of Kashmir and about a quarter of the population. They block the main exit road and compel the Kashmir government of Sheikh Abdullah to wear out its trucks on the 9000-foot Banihal Pass, closed by snow in winter.

Pakistan, with its vast fields of wheat and cotton, and with its anti-Communist barrier range of healthy little Himalayan states like Swat and Hunza, ought to be a happier and wealthier country than it is. The two Pakistans, East and West, share the advantage of all farming, nonindustrial countries in our day. But Kashmir prevents them from enjoying these fruits. Even when drought cuts down the yellow wheat of the Punjab, forcing Pakistan to buy bread, the trouble starts — the Pakistanis feel — with Kashmir.

Kashmir lies heavy on the Pakistani brow — heavier than Trieste on the Italian. The Pakistanis know that just an auto ride away are thousands of co-Muslims who would go to Pakistan if they had a free choice. What prevents the Pakistanis from rescuing their Kashmir brothers-in-faith is the presence of a well-behaved Indian army. New Delhi's position in this matter is that India is responsible for the maintenance of order in Kashmir.

Rice for coal

East Pakistan has worked out a fair deal with India by shipping its jute to the hungry factories in Bengal. The rice of East Pakistan — rice being the best bargaining lever in the East today — keeps East Pakistan financially independent. And the Pakistanis, who are providers of raw cotton for the mills of Red China, agreed in March to provide 10,000 tons more in return for 200,000 tons of Chinese coal.

But the narrow corridor of West Pakistan, squeezed between a hostile Afghanistan and an unfriendly India, strung on its cities of Lahore, Rawalpindi, and Peshawar, is too tense to be healthy. How long would it take India's tanks to stab westward through the Punjab to the Northwest Frontier, severing West Pakistan like a broken

hourglass? This is the question every Pakistani asks himself.

Karachi, the seaport capital on the broiling Arabian Sea, has become an Asiatic Los Angeles, a bursting boom town, living on a miracle of will. Its terrible slums, a vast Hooverville of ragged doorways, oilcans for water, and rickety children, are very slowly being cleared away. But a fundamental fever in West Pakistan remains, though the incredible 6 million refugees are gradually being absorbed.

A Pakistani woman is usually more progressive than any of her Muslim sisters. The veil has been almost wholly whisked away. Clean and intelligent young women, wearing the national white tunic, march with rifles over their shoulders ready to defend the nation. But some plain needs remain unsolved — among them, water. What about water?

What about water?

Water is the life of the Punjab, the wheat region around Lahore. The Indus River in West Pakistan has six feeder streams, all rising in the Himalayas. They spring from doomed glaciers, mountain ice-fields that are gradually shrinking. As mid-Asia grows warmer, this belt of life-giving Himalayan ice grows thin. Far below in the valleys millions of farmers, waiting at sluice gates for melted snow to come through to their fields, find that less brown water arrives each year.

The question for Pakistan is whether, as its water lessens, it will become like its ruined city of Mohenju-Daru, 4400 years old, a burned-out chain of roofless houses along a scorched street. Only 8 per cent of crowded East Pakistan has man-made irrigation, thanks to the 200-inch rains. But in West Pakistan over 75 per cent of the irrigation is made by man.

Of the six rivers of the Indus, three start in India, three in Kashmir. David Lilienthal and Eugene Black of the World Bank have tried to work out formulas that would satisfy India and reassure Pakistan. The Indians in 1948 forced an agreement by partly shutting off the water. But Pakistan, from its portion of Azad ("free") Kashmir, is able to float down logs cheaply from its profitable lumber industry, while the Indians must truck them expensively.

New buffer state?

All the troubles that beset Pakistan seem to be in the western part. One grief is the persistent effort

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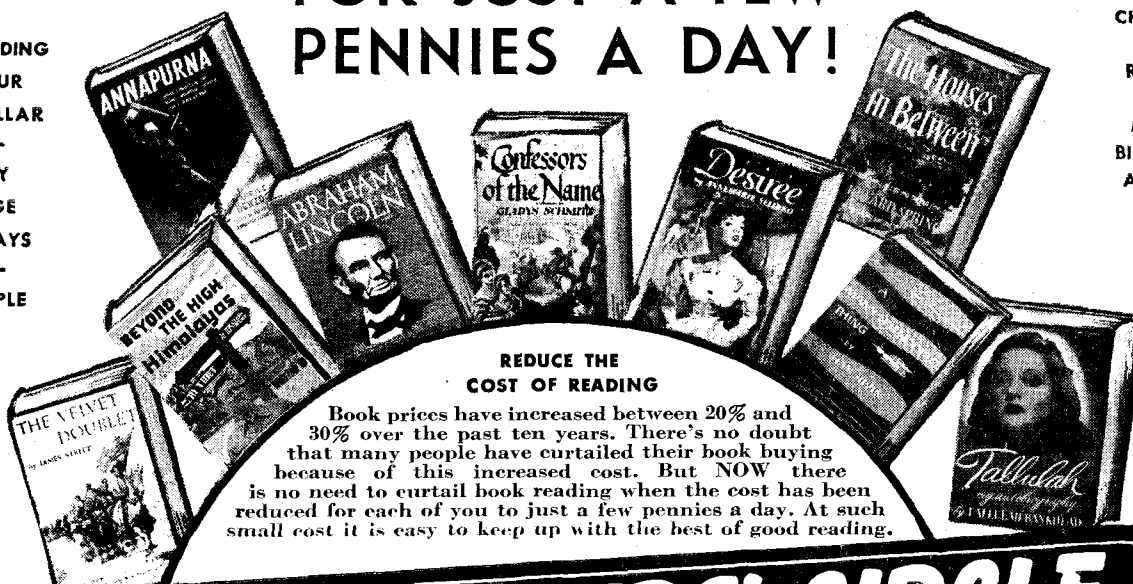
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of Afghanistan — a true Muslim state complete with veils — to disengage a portion of the Indus Valley. This plan is called "Pushtoonistan."

The Afghans, warmly encouraged by India, wish to form a new half-moon-shaped state, running in a curve from the Himalayas to the Indian Ocean, and roughly paralleling the Indian border. This plan would reduce the crescent of West Pakistan to a thin fingernail. At the friction point of this crescent, around the Khyber Pass and Peshawar, there is more ill feeling than anywhere else between two Muslim nations. Afghanistan, to tap the rich Indian market for her fruits, must ship them across Pakistan. They do not always move rapidly and sometimes rot. The gasoline trucks that bring fuel into Afghanistan from Peshawar have a way of being held up by Pakistani delays, according to the claims of the Afghans.

The aging protagonist of the Push-toonistan movement is the nearly forgotten Fakir of Ipi, who dwells in a border village of "independent Push-toonistan," largely ignored by the

Pakistanis. Once they bombed him a little. Now they snub him.

Rifles into plows

For the mettlesome Pathans, in their barren hills of the Northwest Frontier, the Pakistanis have adopted the same solution sanctified by the British: the pay-off. Through the chiefs, regular stipends are handed out to keep the jirgas or meetings of the Pathans from turning into frontier raids.

At Warsak, the gorge probably traversed by Alexander's army when he reached the Indus, a dam is slowly rising. It will flood thousands of acres and give homesteads to the uneasy tribesmen. This is the most enduring pay-off possible, far better than cash. The Pathans soon will be able to begin beating their homemade rifles into plows. When they do so, perhaps the government will no longer fear to release its curbs on the Red Shirts, the pro-Indian group of Muslims who almost stole the Northwest Province from Jinnah.

Not being a theocracy — though Indians often call it such — Pakistan

needed a poet as well as statesmen. He appeared in Sir Mahomed Iqbal, a Thomas Paine who died before his state was born. He put a message of progress into the mosque. Fiery in his view of the future, he was gentle in the means of reaching it. He wrote: "I am absolutely sure that territorial conquest was no part of the original program of Islam. I consider it a great loss that the progress of Islam as a conquering faith stultified the growth of those germs of an economic and democratic society that I find scattered up and down the pages of the Koran and the traditions of the Prophet."

Pakistan's land reform

It may have been Iqbal who spurred Pakistan to undertake early her program of land reform, of doing away as far as possible with the big landowner or zamindar and dispersing his lands — after compensation — to the landless peasant. Iqbal had written that the Koran is "the patron of the propertyless slave" and for the capitalist "a message of death."

The vigor and pride that have gone into Pakistan have given its people a measure of steadfastness that wins quick admiration. The clean, healthy Pakistani citizen and his straightforwardness appeal to Westerners. Yet, possibly because Pakistan lacks a true opposition party, there is often a sort of suffocating sameness about the top-level atmosphere.

The Muslim League controls almost all political life. There are isolated leaders in opposition, but a kind of staleness seems to hang about the upper hierarchy, as of air that needs changing. Hints of crookedness leak into the press, and sometimes venal politicians are punished, but not soon enough. Pakistan, perhaps, is forced by its political dilemma to be a one-party state, at least until it is reconciled with India. But the Muslim League, lacking a purgative opposition, still takes too long to uproot its scandals and banish its inertias.

For five long years the Constituent Assembly has been putting together a constitution, making what should have been a cheerful task of triumph into a long chore of hairsplitting. Pakistan has not yet decided whether or not to stay in the Commonwealth. Though more tolerant of the British than India, Pakistan will probably



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also want to be free. The irony is that India and Pakistan can never be free of each other.

Pakistan and the Communists

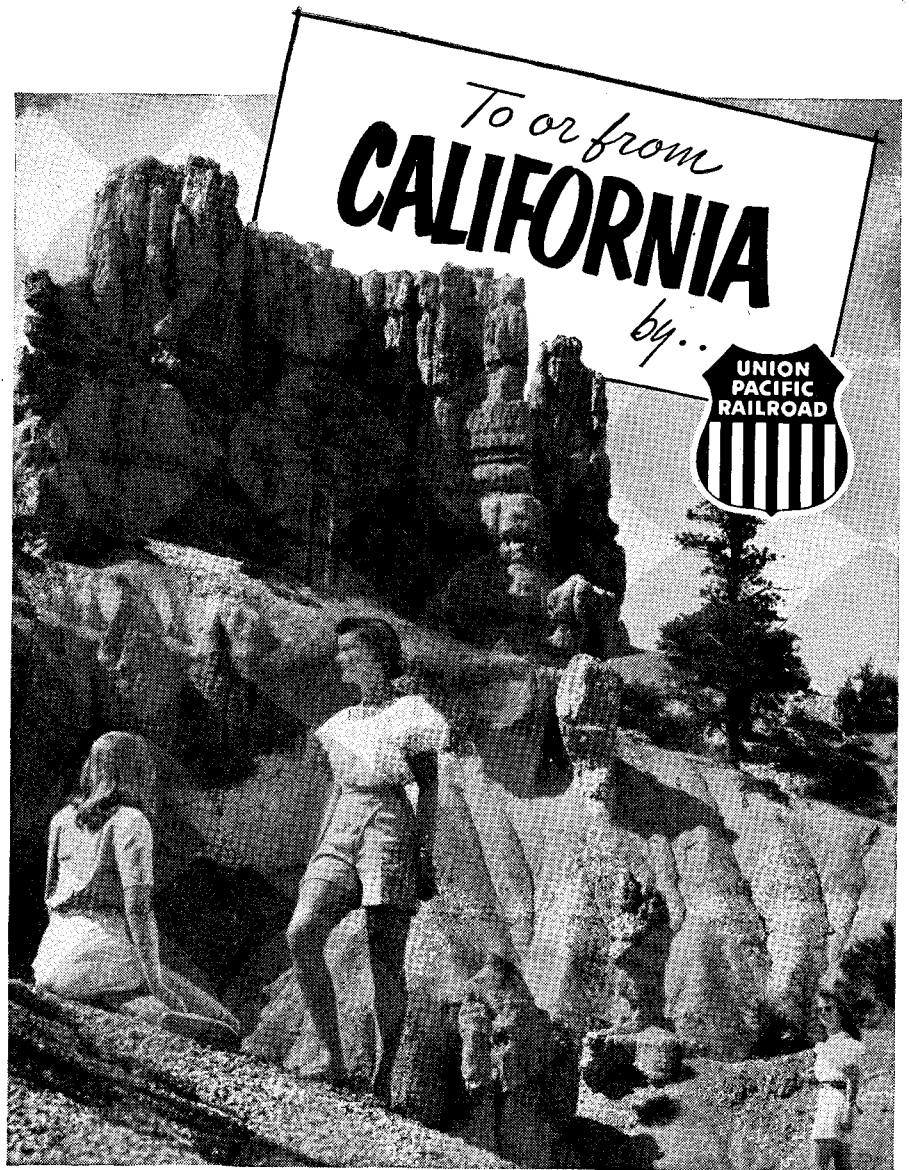
The Pakistanis, as Muslims, at first gave Communism short shrift. They felt the menace of Russia and China. They recognized both powers but did not speed, like India, to intimacy with the Chinese Communists.

But when the U.S. gave its wheat and land-reform loans to India, the Pakistanis began to believe that India, by playing hard to get, was receiving more from the U.S. This imbalance offered an opportunity to the small clique of intellectual Communists shuttling between Karachi and Lahore, home of the beautifully printed fellow-traveling daily *Pakistan Times*. They could not organize their party effectively on a "peace front," with war against India an open menace. So the small Communist underground adopted a clandestine war platform. They penetrated the army, subverting several high officers, mostly of Pathan origin.

The trial of the officers earned a twelve-year sentence for the able and popular Pathan general whom the Communists reached and a four-year sentence for his apparent ideological master, the *Times* editor. Ten officers got terms from four to seven years. The case ran twenty-one months, with 208 witnesses being heard, all for the prosecution. All the proceedings were secret. But the pattern that leaked out was instructive as a lesson in how the Communists can penetrate an "invulnerably religious Muslim community."

Pakistan lacked arms and had nothing like India's resources to buy them. The idea the Communists sold the officers was apparently this: Seize the government. Offer to turn your back on the UN and its Kashmir arbitration and give your allegiance to the Soviet Union. The Russians will ship you the arms you need.

It was the same plan that induced Red China to enter the Korean war, and it was brewed at about the same time. The Pakistani Communists saw no reason for not using Russian aid to make Kashmir a Himalayan Korea. As long as there is a Kashmir issue, it cannot be said that the Communist plan totally failed.



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Washington

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER is trying to revive a partnership between the Presidency and the Congress. He is investing, rather than spending, his political strength. Almost the whole of his energy has been directed toward establishment of relations with Congress leading to government by common agreement between true "coequals," not by rivalry, jealousy, and a continual game of showdown.

The President never would tell the public how he really felt about Charles E. Wilson's stockholdings. That was Senatorial business. He passed up a row when Congress knocked out the appropriation to keep the three-man Council of Economic Advisers going through June, although he had prematurely recorded himself in their favor. He stood on his position that budget balancing must precede tax cutting, but applauded those Congressmen who he said were going in the direction of reduction.

He would not be drawn into a public quarrel with Senator McCarthy; investigations were Congressional business. He did not challenge the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's tinkering with his resolution denouncing Communist enslavement of free peoples.

Representative Thomas J. O'Brien, embodiment of red-necked Chicago Democratic politics, said after lunch at the White House: "I'll tell you. If I had something on my mind I wanted to talk to him about, I feel I'm in a position now where I could call up, and I think he's the kind of fellow who'd say, 'Come on down.'" Others were beginning to feel that way.

His rate of progress was slowed in early days by ragged liaison which showed up most glaringly in the matter of the "liberation" resolution. Also, Congressional leaders had trouble getting through to the White House at crucial moments. They complained that phone calls were not even returned. But these conditions were being remedied as rapidly as possible.

Eisenhower's plans are not limited to giving ground, nor to just holding it. He is pushing forward, digging in as he goes. Building a new Voice

of America while letting McCarthy whittle on the old is standard operating procedure. Eisenhower plans to return the policing of the executive branch to the executive branch. He says so.

Coöperation in the Treasury

Government by menu is pervasive. Once a week, Secretary Humphrey gives luncheon at the Treasury to Chairman Martin of Federal Reserve. Once a week, W. Randolph Burgess, Humphrey's deputy for debt management, lunches at Reserve with Martin. These amenities symbolize all sorts of substance: Treasury-Reserve coöperation, lacking under John Snyder except toward the very end; a recognition of Reserve as the best 360-degree economic eye; the natural community of interest among business minds.

The Humphrey-Burgess team is rated a corker. Humphrey has color and sparkle and rounded surfaces in his personality. Burgess is craggy and finished in flat tones. They both like facts and are ready to experiment when that is the best way to corner facts.

Their refunding of one-year certificates (Burgess's idea) sounded the market for one-year offerings at a higher rate, and for longer-term (five-plus years) bonds of even richer yield. What they found out was that money is tight. Only about 7 per cent of the \$8.868 billion offering was taken up in the bonds. Tight money wasn't much news, but the negative report was in itself an array of facts.

Treasury draws more judgments from savings bonds. Sales now surpass redemptions. Treasury thinks that means confidence in money, a conviction that inflation is stemmed. But officials still fear inflation more than deflation. Unless the budget be balanced the inflationary threat is classed as still strong. Serious deflation, it is felt, could occur only if a big plus-balance showed, and that is listed among impossibilities.

The slow movement of facts delayed Treasury decisions on basic fiscal policy. But in Congress you could literally get even money, from men who will largely control the outcome, that up to \$10

billion can be chopped out of the budget for the fiscal year beginning this July and that both a balanced budget and tax reduction will be achieved by the next Congressional elections.

Civil service and the veterans

The Augean stables, it has now turned out, are full of sacred cows. "Cleaning up the mess" has naturally run into stiff civil service protections and veterans' preferences. Herbert Brownell found himself free to fill only the ten jobs nearest him at Justice. Oveta Culp Hobby inherited free sway over only about six out of 37,500 at Federal Security.

The other side of the story was that some holdovers were useful. George Humphrey was candidly surprised at the high quality of men he found in most branches at Treasury, and kept on most of them. But in every department the new administrators found others qualified by civil service and also protected by veterans' preference. Of the two, the latter can be the more damaging to efficiency.

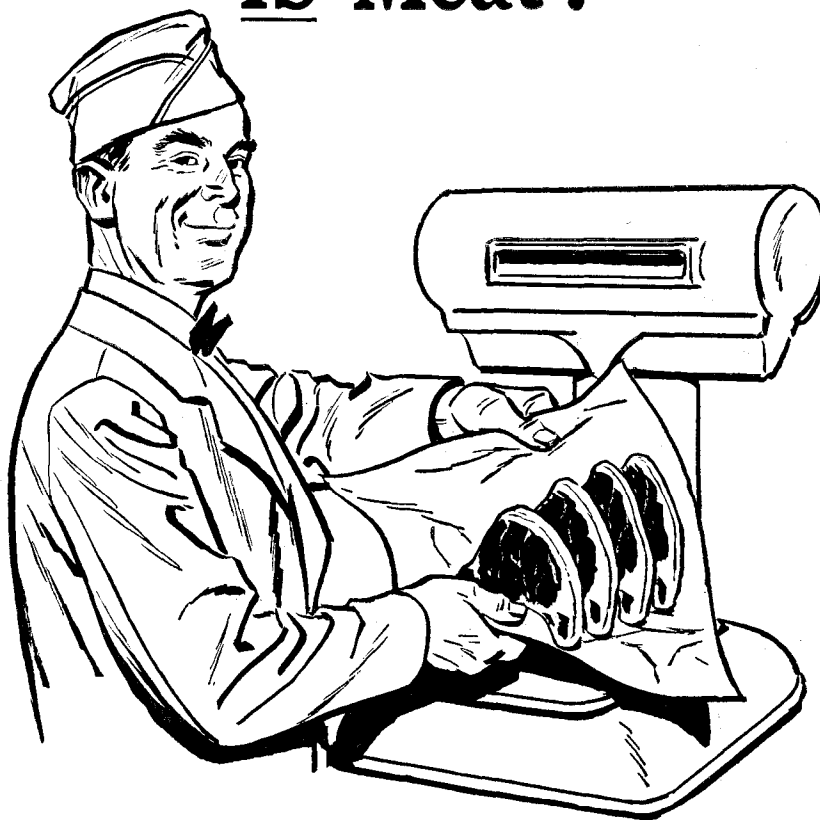
All administrators with personnel problems pin much hope on Philip Young, turning forty-three, new Civil Service Chairman. He made wartime Lend-Lease a model of scandal-free and efficient administration, without benefit of civil service or veterans' preferences. Young's last job was the refurbishing, under Eisenhower's eyes, of Columbia's Graduate School of Business. The President's confidence in him is shown by the fact that he ran Eisenhower's brightest civilian dream, the "American Assembly" experiment in adult civic education.

"Mr. Attorney"

Attorney General Brownell is another department head who asks questions first and shoots afterward. Broad curiosity focuses on his anti-trust program. Brownell picked May 22, when he will address the American Law Institute, as the earliest date on which he would be ready to disclose it.

Brownell did not like to be called "General," as most men holding his office are. For that awkward title, confusing to a civilian, he substituted "Mr. Attorney," found somewhere in British usage. It bespeaks not Anglo-

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philism but legalophilism. Brownell is conscious of the dignity of the law and of his office, and is deeply determined to maintain both.

His abilities permit Brownell to set himself high professional standards. He quite frankly feels that reliance on civil service for job security is incompatible with a true sense of law as a profession. He is also unsympathetic toward those who offer political instead of professional credentials.

Brownell will hire good successful men interested in public service, good men who need good pay, and good men just out of law school looking for valuable experience. Primarily for the middle group, he decided to ask Congress for higher departmental salary scales.

Tackling the loyalty program, Brownell saw that the essence of effective government is executive responsibility and power of decision in loyalty cases. He perceived that national security, not loyalty, is the true criterion. A loyal person may be a bad risk. A once disloyal person

may assert loyalty but remain a bad risk. Security is broader than loyalty, and permits more dismissals with less shame to the individual.

"Psy-War"

It is not surprising that some early operations went wrong while the President concentrated on Congress and his cabinet officers fought to get roots down into the Pleistocene strata of their bureaucracies. In psychological strategy, the first part of the record was all errors. Part of the blame, too, lay in the fact that the "psy-war" enthusiasts failed to remember that their weapon is an adjunct of, not a substitute for, real power and real policy.

The Seventh Fleet "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek, but neither peace in Korea nor perceptible progress toward it resulted. An "ultimatum" to Europeans to unite was explained down into brotherly exhortations. The clarion call for European liberation ended as a dusty whimper in a Congressional pigeonhole.

Wise and weary State Department veterans now treat each "psy-war"

device as a time bomb, which, they say, they wrap in cotton batting and put to soak in the Potomac for two weeks before untying the ribbon with ten-foot tongs.

This is not to discredit the use of psychological strategy. Too much had been tried too soon, and one explosive matter, the Rosenberg case, was not processed through the cold war strategy operation, where its adverse propaganda effects might have been minimized, in advance of the President's decision upholding the court verdict. Such errors of commission and omission would be avoided, it was hoped, as soon as there was better coördination of government acts and utterances. This will be achieved as the National Security Council is strengthened.

Robert Cutler of Boston, bicyclist and banker, is the man making NSC step faster and talk more clearly. Half a dozen people concluded independently that Cutler may emerge as one of the most important figures in policy-making.

A new brain for State

Secretary Dulles was having understandable difficulties in doctoring the quivering nervous system of the old State Department. Old-timers compared the interim situation to the time under Herbert Hoover when Henry L. Stimson took over State with a profound distrust of it acquired while he served in the Philippines. Mr. Stimson never entirely succeeded in overcoming his distrust.

The observation has been made that Dulles's idea of an ideal department would be himself and ten or twelve bright people, with all the bureaucratic processes going on out of sight in some gigantic utility shed. Part of the Administration's indifference to McCarthy's attack on the "Voice" is attributable to Dulles's profound disinterest in operating mechanisms.

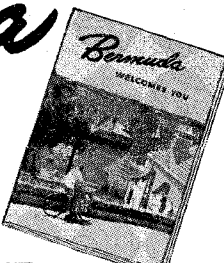
According to Dulles's own calculations the reorganization of State will take half a year at least. Republicans in Congress became restive under the delay. In the beginning, Dulles earmarked many top jobs in the department and foreign service for persons who had managed the Roosevelt-Truman foreign policy: Bedell Smith, Livingston Merchant, James Dunn,

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Charles Bohlen, George Kennan, Robert Murphy, John Allison, and Karl Rankin, for example.

The party felt that these jobs could have gone to latter-day Republicans, brushing aside the fact that most of the above had begun their careers under Republican administrations and had always regarded themselves as Republicans. The back lash fell on Kennan and Bohlen because of their relative prominence. Long association of the word "containment" with Kennan's name caused Dulles to back away from Kennan.

Bohlen, never tagged with any label worse than "Russian expert," would have had the Moscow Embassy with only grumbles had he been able, à la King Henry IV, to concede a genuflection to the Republican dogma of original sin inherent in Yalta and Potsdam. But Bohlen, who was there, refused to compromise his convictions. When congratulated by a friend for his courage, Bohlen bristled. The implication that a man of honor could do anything else but state the truth as he saw it shocked him.

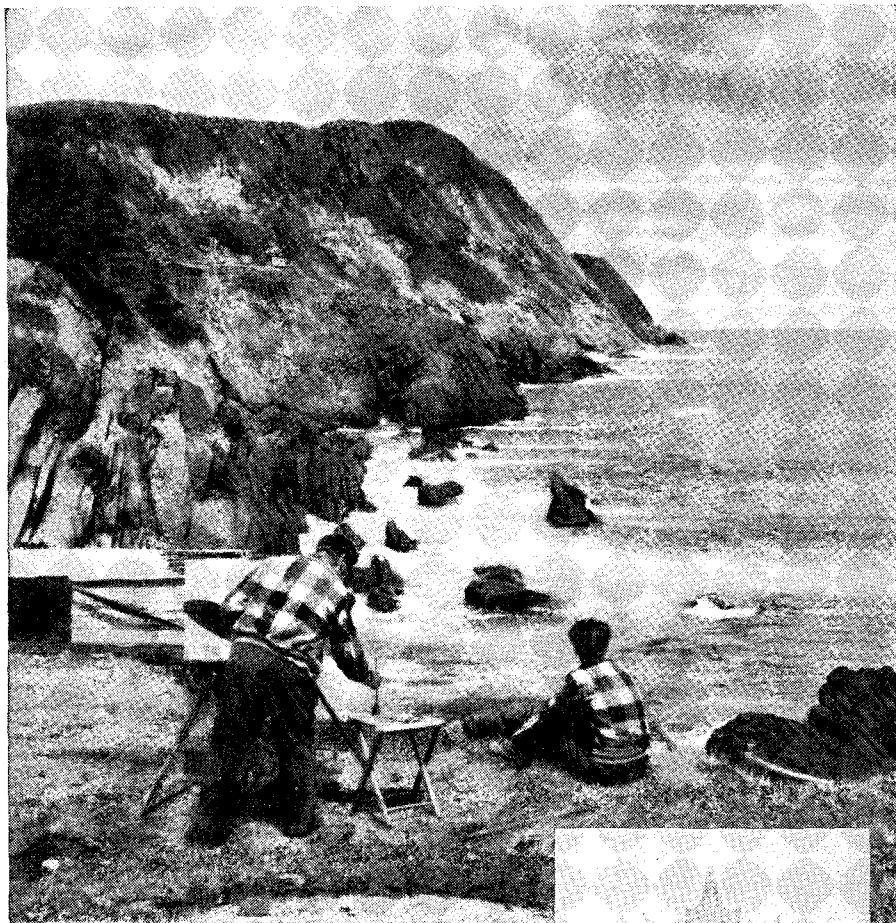
This posed an intolerable dilemma for Senators like McCarthy and Bridges who had built campaigns around the presumed iniquity of Yalta and Potsdam. Either Bohlen or their campaigns had been wrong. So they rebelled, in spite of the simple logic of sending one of America's two top trained Russian experts to Moscow to report on the aftermath of Stalin's death.

Lodge and the UN

At the United Nations, Henry Cabot Lodge struck a crisp, fresh note. In his set speeches he showed that he was inexperienced in cut-and-thrust debate and that he has yet to learn the agility of a Gladwyn Jebb. Friendly UN delegations were surprised when Lodge made the rounds asking for new ideas on Korea and implying that the United States would stand on Truman-Acheson policies. Veteran diplomats at the UN had assumed that the "dynamic" new American foreign policy would include a measure or two for breaking up the UN's many log jams, although it is unrealistic to expect this of a new Administration so soon.

Mr. Lodge was refreshingly alert to possible new tactical approaches, such

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The Dowager was always doodling...

It got to be almost embarrassing. The same old thing at dinner, shows, the concert.

First, the far-away look, then the search for a pencil, then napkins and programs scribbled all over.

Finally, daughter got wise, slipped a sample in her bag, took it off to a doodle doctor.

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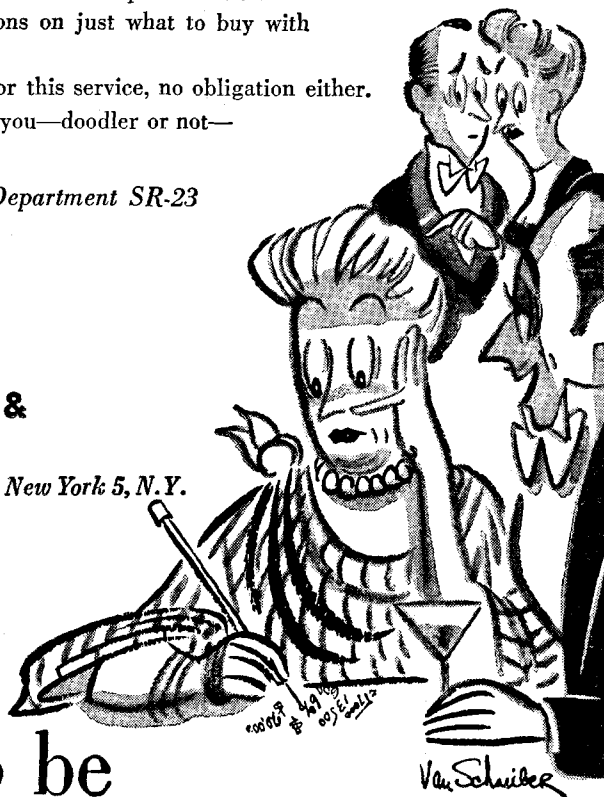
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It got to be almost embarrassing...

as Walter Lippmann's proposal for using points of order to break the momentum of a Vishinsky or Gromyko assault, but the substance of new policy as a backdrop against which Lodge could perform remained to be fabricated at State.

Chastened by discovery that new policy must be made, not merely asserted to exist, the American team listened hopefully to what Britain's Eden-Butler delegation had to say. Things were helped by the novelty of a British approach beginning "Here is what we will do by ourselves" rather than "This is what you must do."

The most serious transaction of the talks was omitted from the communiqué. It was agreement on a coordinated operation which would aim to establish an Egypt-Israel peace combined with a Middle East defense pact. Dulles spent almost the whole of the three days with Eden. This unexpected and unusual solicitude caused Eden to wish that Dulles might be treated more kindly in the British press.

Mood of the Capital

Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey was among the first to discover that businessmen have things to learn about government. He holds no doctrinaire conviction that business methods can be transferred directly to government. He would not even predict that business methods will work at all in government.

Humphrey notes the absence in government of a single decision point. Even when the executive branch makes up its collective mind, Congress usually must ratify, and in Congress decision takes place inside an amorphous area called a majority rather than at a single point.

Humphrey and other fast-learning businessmen in the new team are finding out about politics. Throughout the executive branch a triangular cross-fertilization of business, administrative, and political ideas is going on. A new school in the art of government may evolve which will be less theoretical than in Roosevelt days, less political than in Truman days, and less businesslike than a group folklore passed down from McKinley times had led the businessmen to anticipate.



London

SOME bold politicians here this spring are offering two-to-one odds that Churchill will dissolve Parliament and call new national elections before the end of the year. By no means all observers agree with this conclusion; but the premises on which it is based are valid and deserve being stated.

To begin with, it is pointed out, Churchill needs a larger majority in the House of Commons to sustain him in power. The last elections, in 1951, provided him with a small majority, which hovers around the middle teens when the Liberal Party fraction votes with the Labor Opposition.

The possibility of the Tory Government's being forced from power not by public disfavor but by an accident of virus distribution became a practical concern last winter when ninety members of Parliament were out of action with flu at one time. Since in these years of small parliamentary majorities the two big parties keep their sick lists as closely secret as the nation's atomic information, the Prime Minister must have had some anxious moments.

A further inducement to the Prime Minister to try to improve his position is implicit in the fact that the legislature and the executive in Britain draw on the same people. Some fifty of Churchill's M.P.s must not only be within running distance of the House of Commons in order to vote as legislators; they must also hold down full-time jobs as ministerial executives.

The past winter emphasized the strain this situation can cause. In February when North Sea floods, John Foster Dulles, and an unusual number of difficult domestic problems hit Britain at the same time as did the flu, about half the work of the whole cabinet fell on the shoulders of the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe. Sir David's successful handling of all these tasks raised him from a hitherto inconspicuous minister to a position of eminence, and some papers have said he may challenge Anthony Eden's succession to Churchill's position.

But he was pushed to the limit. A conscientious man who insists on keeping appointments, he at-

tended a luncheon with American correspondents, his eyes sunken with sleeplessness, his hands trembling with nervous exhaustion. It was clearly a cost Churchill would not like his cabinet ministers to have to pay too often.

The winter's toll

A winter of political warnings like these is now being followed by a spring that appears more favorable to the Tories than any they have heretofore enjoyed. The change of season is favorable, in the first place, simply because it is a change of season. The past winter counted as the worst in memory by almost every possible measure. Average daily temperatures were the lowest on record, hours of sunshine the fewest. Vagaries were more numerous and their pitch more extreme than ever.

In December, the most implacable fog in recollection caused the deaths of 3000 people in five days. In January, hailstorms and snow caused high livestock casualties. In February, a highly magnetic full moon coincided with extraordinary gales to whip the North Sea 10 to 20 feet higher and wilder than it ordinarily gets, and 307 people died in a single weekend of floods and shipping disasters.

The floods made 32,000 people homeless and drenched 150,000 acres of the world's most productive farmlands in salt water, sterilizing them for perhaps years to come. Though all the human destruction was done in a single night, material damage continued for a week as a result of the abrasive action of the tides against sea walls and towns. The disaster was called by the weather people the worst since the North Sea last invaded England in 1703.

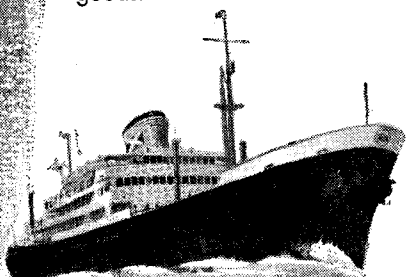
The Coronation

Throughout the long winter and early spring the people have watched the preparations for the coronation with rising excitement. The main thoroughfares of London are now solidly bordered with bleachers. Under cobwebs of steel scaffolding a whole new section is being built in Westminster Abbey—the elaborate robing rooms where the Queen will arrive for the ceremony and her retinue will form.

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Street decorations, which were beginning to be mounted in March, revealed a departure of some interest: where all past ornamentation of royal occasions has clearly drawn its inspiration from the unknown and ancient designer of playing cards as improved upon by Sir John Tenniel, this coronation clearly evinces the influence of Walt Disney. The large but delicately traced royal crowns that will hang from what appear to be dew-pearled threads of gossamer and will form canopies over some streets seem to have been taken directly from *Cinderella* or some other of Disney's major films.

The palace has gone to great lengths to make this more of a popular occasion than past coronations. It is an interesting commentary on the adaptability of the royal institution to changing times that though not all peers will be able to get into the Abbey to witness the ceremony—they have had to draw lots for places—all national trade union leaders and their wives will be invited.

To develop the sense of participation, the palace has abandoned the practice of distributing invitations to places along the parade route as it chooses; instead, each organization that can claim to be national, from the Boy Scouts to the trade unions, will be handed a block of places to distribute as it sees fit. The palace has been undeterred by criticism that this is a concession to collectivism and is, in fact, the way theatre tickets are distributed in Moscow.

Elizabeth I of Scotland

Even the frictions that have inevitably developed around the preparations have served to heighten anticipation. The most serious has been the Government's insistence that the new Queen be crowned as Queen Elizabeth II of Scotland and England. Since the first Queen of that name was not Queen of Scotland—in fact, she is remembered north of the border as the executioner of Mary Queen of Scots—the present monarch is in strict legality Queen Elizabeth I of Scotland, though second of the name in England.

The Scots have expressed their protest at this sin of nomenclature in the most emphatic fashion, by depositing explosives in mailboxes freshly painted with the "E II R" and blowing them

up. At the same time they make it clear that their affection for the person of the new Queen is unimpaired.

Something has been done towards regulating another wider discontent—over what to do with the Queen's husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. The Duke has become intensely popular; yet the authorities have continued to behave as if he were an extra thumb which fits nowhere in the glove of royal tradition. Except as "husband," his formal relation to the throne has not yet been established (he has not been entitled "Prince Consort," as was Queen Victoria's husband); nor has his function in the coronation been determined.

Britain's most widely read newspaper, the tabloid *Daily Mirror*, polled its readers on the question and found that over 99 per cent wanted Philip to take part in the ceremonies. The authorities have somewhat appeased feeling by announcing that he will be permitted to ride in the coach with the Queen in the processions before and after the ceremony.

The death of Queen Mary, which was long expected, will be mourned for a limited period but it will not affect the plans to make this coronation season a festive one. The Government has granted an amnesty to all wartime deserters from the armed services (10,000 are still at large), an increase in food rations for coronation week, and official permission to villages that have always done it in the past to kill and roast an ox for the great day.

This last concession brought some embarrassment: after clamoring for and winning this privilege, the villages in question discovered that all the elders who knew how to roast a whole ox had died off. They were thus forced to the humiliation of advertising in the London papers for professional chefs. All these preparations have produced an atmosphere similar to that in a small girl's home the morning before her afternoon birthday celebration.

Inevitably, the party in power gains from the festive spirit, for it is its cabinet ministers who are daily announcing new coronation plans, and lauding the Queen (a subtle form of praising all Britons) in cornerstone-laying speeches.

It is probably also inevitable that the party in power should be tempted to make outright political capital out of its fortunate position in this favorable moment — as happened when a local Tory Party branch issued a leaflet with the crowned Queen's portrait on the cover. And it is an indication of how serious the Opposition considers this political advantage that Labor politicians not only protested locally against this trivial misdemeanor but carried their protest to the floor of the House of Commons and forced the offending leaflet to be withdrawn.

However, all Labor's protests cannot alter the fact that the coronation is causing a renaissance of patriotism and national unity from which the party that is fortunate enough to be in power at this moment benefits.

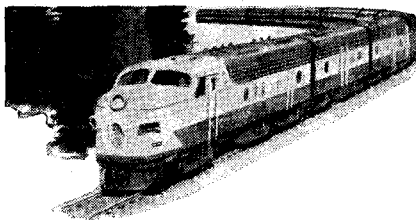
More sausages and eggs

To the list of favoring circumstances must be added a spate of domestic improvements and an appreciably improved foreign position. The easings of austerity include the end of candy and eggs rationing, and the "decontrolling" of breakfast sausages.

Laborites point out that some of these improvements are illusory; that in fact financial measures by the Tories have so reduced the purchasing power of the lower classes that there is an excess of goods that can be taken off ration for the middle classes to buy. This certainly seems to be true in the case of meat, rations of which more and more workers are failing to buy. The relevant political fact is, however, that there are more middle-class people in Britain — or people who consider themselves middle-class — than there are lower-class people; which means that more voters are pleased than displeased by the turn of events.

Eden and the Sudan

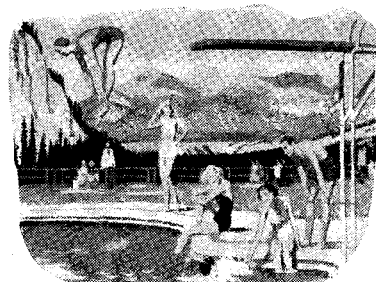
In the realm of foreign affairs, the Tories have displeased the upper extremity of the social scale for the sake of pleasing the broad middle majority. The act which did this was Secretary Eden's agreement with General Naguib of Egypt to grant the Sudan its independence. The agreement, however explained, certainly means the shedding of another parcel of empire by Britain, and it means that in the long run Egypt may take over the abandoned Sudan.



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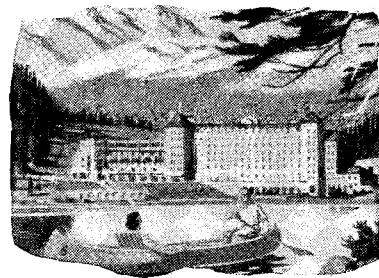
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The end or the beginning for Lisa?

Lisa is an open-hearted and friendly 10-year-old child, living with her parents, two brothers and a sister, near Bremen in Western Germany. Thin and underweight from years of undernourishment and the effects of warfare during the first years of her life, she is of delicate health and a likely target for tuberculosis. Her father, an artist and a farmer, earns barely enough to keep the family of six alive.

Despite their poverty, they share their humble home with another refugee family, with the result that living conditions are extremely crowded. Lisa, an innocent victim of war and destruction, needs clothes for school and supplementary food to build up her resistance.

Her mother cries because she worries about Lisa's health, and has no solution at hand — because she has no clothes for school — because she is so discouraged about the future — a future that belongs to children, who have faith, confidence and love in fellow man.

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AM-5



To the majority of people it has long been clear that frictions with Egypt constitute the greatest single commitment abroad that Britain has, and that sooner or later Britain was going to be forced to leave both the Sudan and Suez. Since the agreement with Naguib has perceptibly eased relations with Egypt, allowing Britain already to reduce her swollen garrison at Suez, the satisfaction of the majority of the people easily outweighs the anger of the high Tory imperialists.

Moreover, Eden has given the impression of standing up to the new American Administration. This is a great asset, for President Eisenhower's first acts of foreign policy — the "unleashing" of the Chinese Nationalists, the near-repudiation of Yalta, and so on — have had a universally bad press in London. What really happened during Dulles's visit in February is not clear, but since the new Secretary of State prefaced his trip with threats of cutting off aid and ended it with expressions of optimism, the Tory foreign secretary is given credit, rightly or wrongly, for causing him to "imitate the Month of March in coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb."

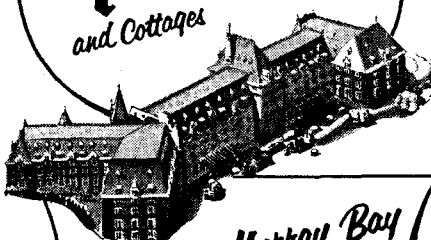
New embarrassments for Labor

While events conspire to improve the prospects for the Tories, their Labor opponents find themselves in more confused disarray than usual. In great part, Churchill brought about their new embarrassments by an initiative that confirms his political genius. The internecine dispute in the Labor Party between the left-wing Bevanites and the right wing of the party seemed ended in the early winter when Bevan admitted defeat and rejoined the orthodox Labor leadership.

At that point, however, Churchill casually tossed a monkey wrench into the works by offering a knighthood to Lincoln Evans, a right-wing trade union leader. Mr. Evans accepted. The left-wing Bevanites, in their weekly magazine *Tribune*, bitterly criticized the union leader for accepting a feudal title from a Tory Government. Offended, all the union leaders — most of whom are more conservative than the average Tory — banded together and counterattacked.

The Bevanite quarrel is thus revived, but whereas formerly the quar-

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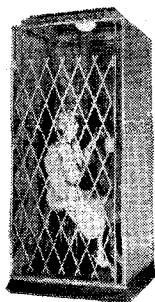
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rel was one of issues (the degree of rearmament Britain could stand), it now became one of personalities. Like all feuds that have gone on too long, its origins were forgotten and it became meaningless bad temper.

It was all the more curious because the originator of the fight, Aneurin Bevan himself, not only took no personal part in it — a circumstance that in no way spared him from being attacked and blamed — but has even been out of the country on a visit to India during most of it. The public's view was no doubt summed up by the *Times*: "The Labor Party seems resolved to deprive itself of the confidence of the electorate."

These are the reasons why many sober observers in Britain expect Churchill to dissolve Parliament and call new elections for autumn. The compelling force of their argument is not merely the fact that the situation is favorable but that it is probably going to prove temporary.

The improvements in Britain's dollar crisis are not essential ones, so a return of that nightmare is widely expected. The coronation fervor will probably not outlive the year of its celebration. The disappearance of real issues in the internecine quarrel in the Labor Party causes most people to expect that the quarrel will in time be settled and Labor will regain its composure. Thus, Churchill can hardly expect to find his position at or near this peak again.

Against the forecast of new elections are several arguments. First, cabinet ministers get into the grooves of their longer-term plans and are reluctant to interrupt them before they have to. Second, the British people are tired of elections and may resent Churchill's calling a new one unseasonably for reasons of mere partisan strategy.

Finally, by the British constitution, only one individual has the right to decide to call new elections — the prime minister. He need consult no one, not even his fellow ministers or party leaders. Since Churchill has never been overcommunicative or prone to accept the advice of others, and since in his advancing years he isolates himself even more than usual, his decisions are as impossible to predict as English weather.

New kind of cheesecake

Cheesecake is an irreverent trade term for pictures of the female form in varying degrees of undress. It is a standard ingredient of many magazines. It is considered, in some publishing circles, as a crutch for editors, a sales aid for circulation men, and a source of interest for readers. *HOLIDAY* has been known to use it when it fits and furthers a story and when it is in good taste.

In addition, *HOLIDAY* offers its own peculiar kind of cheesecake, which our editors have dubbed "scenic cheesecake."

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* * * * *

Scenic cheesecake in the May issue, now on sale, includes portraits of Hawaii, words by James Michener; an unusual visual treatment of the Civil War, words by James Street; Oklahoma by Debs Myers.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Your Boy and the ROTC"

SIR:

As a World War II veteran, the father of a young son, and a temporary instructor in a large Midwestern university, I read with understandable interest Princeton President Harold W. Dodds's thoughts on "Your Boy and the ROTC" in the March *Atlantic*.

To those of us who are not so much concerned with how an ROTC program is administered as with the fact that such a program exists at all, the frightening thing is that, according to President Dodds's figures, about half of the 350 different colleges and universities with ROTC units *require* such training for freshmen and sophomores. This is not, then, merely enlightened cooperation with the defense effort.

And let's not pretty up our definitions. It has never been denied (least of all by the Pentagon) that a soldier's primary purpose is to learn the "art" of destruction. Offense and defense are relative terms, depending upon the country one serves. I cannot agree with President Dodds that a person so trained will make "a more successful lawyer, a more knowing banker, a more efficient businessman afterwards," despite the sociological value inherent in his mingling with different types and classes while in service.

IVAN INNERST
Detroit, Mich.

SIR:

As an ROTC graduate of Indiana University, I am irritated that President Dodds should suggest that this meager military training be curtailed

in order to allow more time for academic subjects.

First aid should not be limited to six hours; rather, double the time should be spent on this worth-while subject. On the battlefield, twenty hours of geopolitics are useless for a platoon leader. It won't save a life or take the next hill, stop an attack, or help to teach a man to shoot a machine gun with deadly accuracy. President Dodds's colleagues may deplore the time spent on unintellectual subjects taught in military, but they are not in a foxhole. The nomenclature and use of a rifle does not take a giant intellect to learn, but that little piece of steel and wood is very comforting when the chips are down.

President Dodds compares OCS and ROTC and comes up in favor of ROTC. The average ROTC graduate upon graduation is not as well trained as the average basic trainee. The government then sends this new second lieutenant to a four-month school of his branch plus six months or more of training basics in which he does nothing more than the average drill sergeant — which leaves the government one year of use for a lieutenant. The average OCS graduate, on the other hand, receives his commission fully qualified to be an officer.

The mission of an army officer is to train and lead his men. "Why we fight" is a great topic but does not prepare men for battle. I am an army officer. I might be able to discourse to my men on geopolitics and military history, but these men would curse my very soul if they lacked the essential know-how of soldiers. They must be trained in weapons, mines,

personal care, tactics, and so forth.

I shudder when President Dodds suggests that the professors teach their own pet topics to ROTC students. Why can't the men who best understand war and military subjects be considered best to teach their own trade? Why can't we and the men we lead be allowed the decent training we are entitled to? The average Chinese is illiterate but has grasped the military arts enough to have stopped us dead in our tracks.

The only suggestion I can make for ROTC is to abolish it and let the Army turn out real officers rather than college graduates who wear bars.

2ND LT. ROBERT W. CEDER
*31st Inf. Div.
Camp Atterbury, Ind.*

SIR:

President Dodds has clearly explained why the ROTC must be accepted as normal, and presumably that is why he suggests improvements. Thus it appears that his question really is whether ROTC military training, improved or not, takes too large a percentage of the ROTC students' time in comparison with other equally important subjects. If the ROTC is as essential and valuable to the national security, and to the individual as a citizen, as President Dodds contends, then obviously the time is not excessive, particularly if the courses are improved without impairing the objective of producing better leaders.

As to quality of instruction, I believe that the Army's teaching methods are basically sound, and that they are directed towards "know why" just as much as towards "know how."

I suspect that President Dodds's criticism should be directed, for the most part, to the Army policy on the assignment of ROTC instructors. Some officers assigned to ROTC duty, no matter how capable they may be in the performance of their military duties, are not suited to be teachers. Therefore, the selection of instructors should be made more carefully.

Having selected a good instructor, the Army should then leave him at the institution for a reasonable period. At present the normal tour of ROTC duty is two years. Thus it is hard to assure continuity from year to year and between the various ROTC subjects. If the length of the tour for qualified instructors were increased to three or four years, the quality of the instruction would go up sharply, even if methods were unchanged.

I urge caution in determining a procedure for integrating the ROTC program with the academic program. The possibility, and consequences, of friction due to difference of opinion as to objectives, scope, or administration of courses should not be overlooked. At Harvard we have initiated an arrangement whereby outstanding professors of the civilian faculty give lectures in ROTC subjects in which they are expert, the over-all administration of the courses remaining in the hands of the Professor of Military Science and Tactics. Integration along such lines as this will, in the end, prove more satisfactory and valuable to the faculty, to the student, and to the services.

These comments are my own personal views and not to be construed as official Army comment.

T. N. DUPUY, LT. COL. ARTY.
PMS&T, Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

The real issue is not improvement of the woefully inadequate ROTC program, but whether Americans want their children indoctrinated with military notions of "follow the leader" ways of thinking and acting.

As a gunner's mate in the Navy, I discovered the lack of correspondence between the professed standards for officer personnel and the actual needs. In six weeks I could memorize all the information needed to make gunpowder, build ordnance, repair guns, and operate a battery. But the good sense needed to command in a fashion that preserves democracy while winning battles is something

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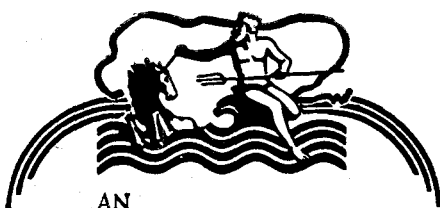
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that requires a great deal more time and effort, and a real education — not a trade-school course in mechanics.

Not many of the officers I met had that education. On one occasion I was present when a large group of officers were asked by the commandant of the base to state their reasons for service in World War II. Many of them admitted readily that they had no idea why we were fighting. Some stumbled around with reasons ranging from "I knew a boy at Pearl Harbor" to "We can't allow the British to fall." Hardly anyone seemed to recognize the threat of totalitarianism to democratic liberties. These were "good" men, professional men with ability to navigate at sea or to command a latrine detail. But they had no education which was noticeable in decisions involving democratic understanding. The question is, What do we need in military leaders?

Since the details of information are so easy to find and to master, almost as the occasion arises and surely in short compass of time, let our schools prepare us to be responsible democrats, thinkers, technicians, and laborers. They can safely trust us to learn to shoot a gun, fly a plane, repair a radio, or dig a foxhole when it comes our turn.

RAY MONTGOMERY
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

I am a second-class midshipman at Ohio State University. In my three years at this university I have had no more challenging courses than those provided by the Navy.

In my freshman year, we studied naval history. It was not just a study of American naval history, but a study of naval and political history from the time of the Phoenicians to the present. It was much harder and much more stimulating intellectually than any history course I have taken in the department of history.

In my sophomore year, I encountered naval gunnery. We delved into the principles and mathematics behind radar, computers, and fire-control equipment. The emphasis was on "know why" and not "know

how." It was not enough to be able to make these devices work; we had to know what made them tick.

At present, my third year in the NROTC, we are studying navigation. Again the emphasis is on "know why." I have taken a full year of college physics and mathematics and still I find that navigation takes more time, and more study, than any other of my present college courses.

On other than these minor points, I concur wholeheartedly with President Dodds. In my pre-Navy days, I was an Air Force ROTC cadet. My experience as such, I believe, marked the lowest ebb in my intellectual career. The courses were not only unstimulating intellectually: they were boring to the point of frustration.

R. DALE PAINTER
Midshipman, USNR

"The Meaning of Civilization"

SIR:

In the article "The Meaning of Civilization" by Sir Richard Livingstone (March *Atlantic*), the statement, "Call the masses into power, and automatically you will find the national culture molded by their interests and tastes," explains our low cultural level. Another statement, "At no age of the world has the social conscience been so awake as now," indicates a great civilization in the making.

Our democracy is unique in the history of mankind, a form of practical ethics more advanced than any other the world has ever known. Naturally, with its application there has been a leveling process, and because of that social leveling, the cultural mean of our society has dropped. Nevertheless, the defeatism of Plato, which was no doubt applicable to the static slave economy of ancient Greece, does not apply today, because a democratic society is far more fluid.

It is possible that with a continued social leveling there may be a further lowering in our culture. But when this process ceases to go further, the cultural trend may reverse itself and the arts will be in the ascendancy.

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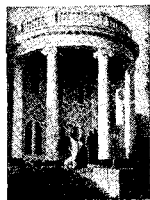
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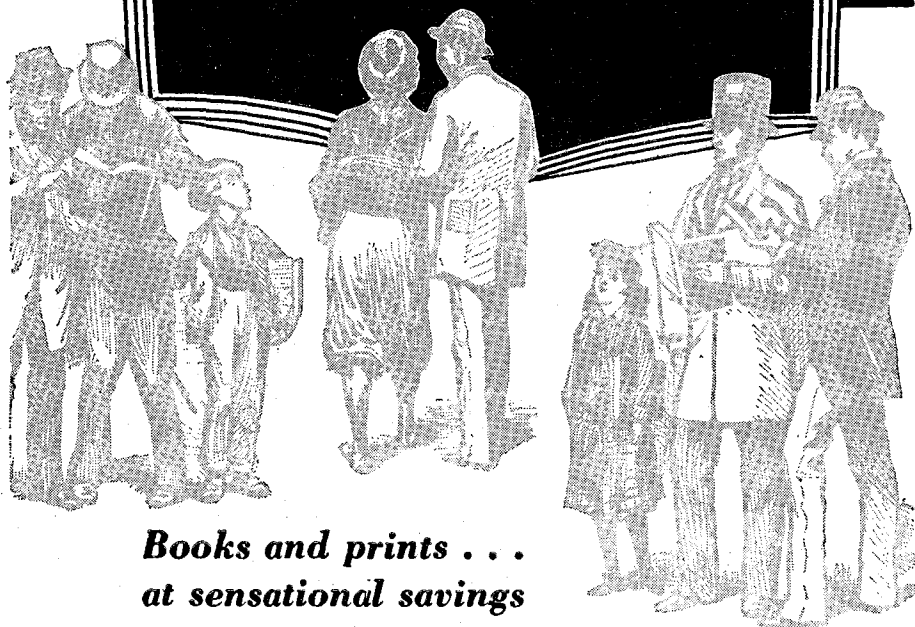
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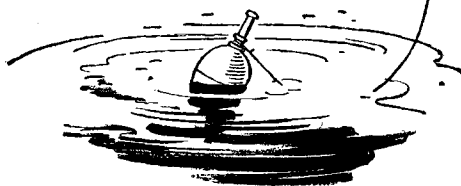
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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.  
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

## How happy can you get?



Creeping up on us for some time now is the idea of a "Start Retiring at 25" plan for everybody. We're sort of serious about it, too, so please don't stop reading.

The word "retire" has been kicked around a lot. Everyone seems to agree it means happiness, ecstasy, utter bliss . . . but a long way off somewhere. Middle-aged couples will tell you it's "a one-story house where every month is June, and we have time for the projects and hobbies we've always postponed."

Young marrieds can't see retirement with a telescope—it's so far off. But let them acquire kids, an apartment, or a house, and what they dream of someday is much the same. They crave time off someday from mountains of dishes, mountains of dirty clothes, hundreds of tedious tasks. The boring, irksome chores of life eat up valuable time.

So it would seem, then, that retirement ought to be defined as "enough leisure to do the things you want."

Why not start then at 25—or any age? Time to play can be bought at the store. The bride can spend more time being beautiful. Her man can spend more time with his feet up.

Some philosopher someday will make a discovery. He will stand back far enough to see this electrical age in panorama. What will strike him as important is *not* how

many and how varied are the gleaming white and chromium appliances that surround the home owner.

No, he will say, a man does not buy himself bits of copper and steel hitched to motors and wires. He buys himself hours and days of time.

He does not buy lamps of glass and wire. He buys hours of extra daylight to enjoy. He does not buy a washing machine. He buys needed hours of leisure. He does not buy air conditioning. He buys his family the energy and the well-being, without which leisure or work is impossible to enjoy.

This is no place to hint at how other products translate into time. What factories have done with motors to shorten a man's work and lengthen his production is a separate story. It is at home that a man most wants to trade the boring for the interesting.

The truth is that people have begun buying retirement as they go along. They may not realize it, but that does not keep them from enjoying the extra time for reading, visiting, writing that book, or riding that hobby.

Retirement is a state of mind we're trying to build into everybody's home. We think our engineers have come up with some wonders—but as you can guess, there'll be more to come. In making new and better products we may well be contributing to a social evolution that wasn't in our original blueprints. We hope so.

*You can put your confidence in—*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**



*How long will the United States continue an immigration policy based on quota figures thirty years out of date and meaningless in today's world? Why must we offer admission to those not seeking it and turn away many thousands whose skills and services we need? OSCAR HANDLIN is Associate Professor of History at Harvard and the author of Boston's *Immigrants and This Is America*, studies of the new blood streams in the country. His latest book, *The Uprooted*, won the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1951.*

## WE NEED MORE IMMIGRANTS

by OSCAR HANDLIN

THE measure which became the McCarran-Walter Immigration and Nationality Act was long in preparation. It passed in June of 1952 with substantial majorities in both houses; even a presidential veto did not stand in its way. In the months of its consideration it encountered no substantial opposition.

Yet it was not long before accusations of prejudice and injustice were echoing throughout the land. During the campaign, politicians preparing for the election began to take an interest in the matter. By the fall, both Eisenhower and Stevenson had spoken out in vigorous denunciation. As the year came to a close hardly a voice was heard in defense of the new law.

Surprised, the chief sponsors of the offending act pointed out it was largely a codification of existing statutes and administrative practices. Nevertheless, President Eisenhower's State of the Union message plainly stated that demands for a change would not long be put off. What neither Senator McCarran nor Congressman Walter realized was that they had brought to light the unlovely residue of outworn prejudices that now stand in the way of our own national interest.

The heart of this legislation, carried over from a law of 1924, is the system of national origins quotas. The law provides for the admission of a little over 150,000 newcomers a year. But the available places are allocated among the nationalities by a

rigid, inflexible formula supposedly based upon the contribution of each foreign country to the total American stock of 1920. Thus Great Britain may send us well over 65,000 immigrants annually, while Italy can send less than 6000 and Greece about 300.

Whatever justifications may today be made for this system, those who contrived it thirty years ago were altogether candid as to their reasons for enacting it. They hoped by this means to limit the total of new entrants; but, more important, they hoped also to sift out for admission those folk most capable of becoming Americans. The quotas were contrived to let in more Germans and Englishmen than Italians or Greeks because the Congressmen of the 1920s were convinced that the former could adjust to life in the United States and the latter could not.

That conviction rested upon a theory and upon a semblance of fact. The theory, shocking in retrospect, was elemental. Mankind, it was then held, was divided into biologically distinct races. American civilization was the work of the Anglo-Saxon branch of the great Nordic, or Aryan, family. Additions to the population from the kindred stocks of northern and western Europe were therefore relatively harmless — in moderation perhaps desirable. Contact with the inferior Latins or Slavs, "beaten men from beaten races," was dangerous.

These racist assumptions were buttressed with

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pseudoscientific pseudo facts. Between 1890 and 1920 a whole generation of sociologists laboriously turned out the data to show that all the ills of American life had their source in the wrong type of immigration. Unemployment and low wages, city slums and crime, vice and intemperance were alike held to be the products of national carelessness which left our gates unguarded against the brutish hordes from southern and eastern Europe.

The crown of these studies was the great report of the immigration commission in 1911. Product of years of investigation, its forty-two imposing volumes seemed to prove conclusively that the "new" immigrants from the Mediterranean and Slavic lands were inferior to the "old" Nordic immigrants. Few legislators were able to read through the long and complex report in order to penetrate the distortions of evidence from which the commission assembled its biased conclusions. Nevertheless, for years thereafter, here was all the official support race prejudice demanded.

Not that much support was needed in the four years after 1920 when the new immigration laws took their form! These were, after all, the years when the Ku Klux Klan drew into its ranks some 5 million Americans, frightened by the specter of the Catholic and the Jew. These were the years when the United States, revolting against all that was foreign, rejected its European antecedents and turned against the League of Nations and the World Court.

The same distrust of anything foreign planted in the law a consistent animus against the alien. In the precipitate retreat toward a tight isolationism, it made sense of a sort to slam the gates shut against practically all but the closest blood-kin of the original Americans. But whether blood-kin or not, the alien was thereafter suspect. The least misstep on his part became ground for exclusion or deportation. The burden of proof was to be always upon him. Potentially dangerous, he was not to be welcomed but grudgingly tolerated. This was the heritage the 1920s left us.

## 2

THE law of 1924 remained unchallenged upon our statute books for a quarter-century. Americans who came to doubt its wisdom and propriety nevertheless felt it useless to reopen the question. Memory of the dark emotions of the earlier debate silenced those who might have sought a change. Even during the war and the cold war, when the national economy could have used immigrants and when the victims of Nazism and Communism could have used refuge, it seemed safer not to stir up the dying embers of anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism by agitating the issue anew. Better, it appeared, to accept the law as settled and to try to forget the hatreds that had brought it forth.

Unwillingness to discuss the problem left the public ignorant of its import. Immigration was thought to have no bearing upon the welfare of the country. Occasional appeals were made on behalf of displaced persons, but these were couched in terms of their need rather than of ours. Our sympathies were touched, but not our interests; and we remained apathetic toward the larger issue of immigration.

Hence it was not surprising that the law of 1952 should reaffirm the principles of 1924. Senator McCarran is correct when he says the new act follows along the lines earlier legislation had already marked out. The McCarran-Walter Act retains the national origins quota system and, within the assumptions of the 1924 act, strengthens and makes more rigid the obnoxious racial features. So a British subject born in London is nevertheless considered Chinese if even one of his parents is tainted with yellow blood. For the same reason, English citizenship does not entitle the Jamaica Negro to use the British quota. Race, not nativity or citizenship, is the ultimate test.

Similarly the burdensome administrative provisions accumulated under the old laws are now extended to the point of meanness. Consular officials who deal with potential immigrants are endowed with arbitrary power against which the alien has no right of appeal. The newcomer bears the responsibility for any error in his documents, including errors he himself did not commit. A trivial mistake by the American clerk in Naples can bar the Italian who, after years of waiting, has managed to reach these shores in good faith. A two-year-old baby adopted in Germany by an American army couple is even now threatened with deportation because of an irregularity in its admission.

Once here, the alien faces imposing hazards. Minor missteps which would not be penalized in the case of citizens entail in his case the risk of deportation long after he has established roots here. Ignatz Mezzzei, who visited Europe after twenty-five years of blameless residence in Buffalo, was recently denied readmission, and cannot even secure a statement of the charges against him. Naturalization brings no security. The foreign-born citizen who, in all innocence and ignorance, joins what seems to be a labor organization may later discover, to his sorrow, that it appears on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. This action, which is not a crime for natives, will subject him to denaturalization proceedings and ultimately to deportation.

Pervasive hostility to the aliens reaches over to injure the native Americans with whom they have contact. The law refuses to recognize that citizens sometimes have a vital concern in the fate of an immigrant. American husbands have thus found themselves powerless in attempts to intercede on behalf of their foreign-born wives denied admission

to the country; and American children have been forced to stand by while their immigrant parents were ordered deported on trivial grounds. The whole spirit of the law breathes a consistent animus toward the strangers in our midst. The McCarran-Walter Act thus absorbs all the fears and prejudices of the 1920s and drags them incongruously out into a society that has long outgrown them.

That accounts for the mounting indignation against it. Many groups perceived at once that the law perpetuated an unfavorable judgment of their ability to be Americanized, of their worth as citizens. The slur implicitly cast upon all the "new" immigrants was resented not simply by such among them, as the Polish- or Italian-Americans, who still had friends and relatives eager for the opportunity to migrate. It was resented equally by Irish- and Jewish-Americans, who no longer have an immediate stake in immigration, but who do have a profound concern with the imputation of their inferiority. Indeed Americans of every ethnic background have come to perceive the contradiction between this measure and the basic American ideals of diversity and cultural freedom.

As a result the act has had no real defenders. Senator McCarran's feeble accusation that the attack upon it was led by Communists fell flat in the face of the actual character of the attackers; even the Senator from Nevada could find no reds among the Catholic archbishops, the Protestant and Jewish clergy, the labor unions, and veterans' groups who united in criticism of the law. Only those who have ventured to affirm that the United States must become a purely white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant country have been able conscientiously to support the McCarran-Walter Act.

The great achievement of the act was thus unintentional. By exposing what we long hid from ourselves, it pointed to the immediate necessity for a fresh immigration policy in accord with our true national interests.

The start is repudiation of ideas we no longer accept. Thirty years of experience have dissolved the old prejudices. No respectable scientist now accepts the racist dogma of inherent biological differences among men; and such ideas as the Klan once peddled with ease are now everywhere regarded with abhorrence. We know more than the old commission did of the part immigrants actually played in the making of America. In particular we have learned that people from every cultural background are capable of leading creative lives within the free institutions of the United States — Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, and Italians, as well as Germans, Swedes, and Englishmen.

Now and then the old bias rears its head in accusations of Italian criminality or Greek cupidity, as the distinctive names of exceptional individuals single them out for special notice. But unless we are confused by prejudice we know that careful studies

have shown crime and cupidity to be the failings of no particular group in American life — that Luciano was no more typical of Italians than Dillinger was of natives. And what the sociologist gathers from his community survey, the man on the street has already understood from the roster of the baseball team for which he roots and from the cast of his favorite TV show. By the practical tests of working together, of fighting loyally together in two wars, all these folk have shown how thoroughly they have been Americanized.

The old specious considerations of national origins need therefore no longer obscure our vision of the means through which we might make immigration serve our own domestic and international interests.

### 3

AT HOME, we have already felt the adverse effects of restrictive policies, which are arranged paradoxically to frustrate themselves. The law assumes that an annual immigration of 150,000 is desirable; but makes it certain that that number can never enter, by setting aside almost 70 per cent of the quota places for countries like Great Britain which are no longer producing emigrants. In periods of depression and unemployment, this is a harmless eccentricity; whatever system we adopt should have a provision for halting the flow of newcomers when our own laborers are without work. But in periods of prosperity, the unused quotas entail an actual loss of productive power.

Through the war and since, several sections of the country have suffered from shortages of particular types of labor, in manufacturing, in agriculture, in domestic services, and in a variety of useful tasks that Americans find unattractive. Groups with favorable connections in Congress have managed to secure relaxation of the law for their own benefit; Mexican transients are thus allowed to come in to work in the beet and the fruit fields, and Basque herders to tend the sheepfolds of the Southwest. Industries without the influence to secure such dispensations would also welcome moderate additions to the labor force. And no doubt many a housewife thinks with regret of the willing maids who might relieve her of her drudgery, but against whom our gates are shut.

In the past, these incoming hands added strength to our productive system; they are capable of doing so in the future. Immigration has always had the effect of raising the standards of native labor. By taking the lowest places in industry and agriculture and, as consumers, by expanding domestic markets, the new immigrants helped those who were here earlier to advance into superior clerical, managerial, or professional positions.

Immigration can continue to have the same effect. Certainly American workingmen will gain by the presence of the new hands, so long as their own



employment and their own wage rates continue to be protected by the vigilance of their unions. Under such circumstances our economy, which expands despite the gloomy predictions of its critics, will profit from the immigration of fresh laborers.

The long-term effects of the block that deprives us of the advantages of immigration may be more serious than those which are immediately apparent. The war years saw a significant rise in the American birth rate. But that temporary change, induced by the special circumstances of the period, did not reverse permanently the downward trend that has persisted for three generations and seems likely to continue into the future.

The consequences of that decline are already asserting themselves. Our population is no longer increasing as rapidly as it did in the past. There is every indication that the rate of growth will continue to fall and that, in two decades or so, our population will level off and actually start to decline. The economic and social repercussions will be grave enough. But the threat to our security in a world in which the powers hostile to us continue to grow in population can hardly be imagined.

Immigration is not the only means of counteracting the falling birth rate. But it is a convenient and expeditious way of doing so at no cost to the nation. A moderate flow of newcomers, regulated in terms of our changing needs, would add invaluable strength to our resources.

#### 4

SUCH domestic considerations alone might dispose us to a review of immigration policy. But we cannot now think in terms of our domestic requirements alone. We do not live in the isolated, self-contained America the men of the 1920s dreamed of. Our commitments and interests are world-wide, reaching east as far as Iran, west as far as Korea. What happens in these distant areas of the globe we know will determine our future. We cannot act in any matter without regard to our stakes around the earth.

We are thus decisively dedicated to the reconstruction of such countries as Greece and Italy. The hundreds of million dollars we devote to that end are spent not so much out of philanthropic sentiment as out of a larger self-interest. The strength of our allies is, after all, our strength. In these places, overpopulation is a serious obstacle to social improvement; the annual emigration of even a few thousand surplus families would bring a considerable measure of relief. Do we not injure ourselves when the anachronistic quota system prevents us from extending that relief?

Throughout the world, the inability to use immigration as an instrument of national policy hampers our struggle against Communism. Behind the Iron Curtain we have a vast, if undefined,

number of potential allies, people for whom America is the one hope against the tyranny that oppresses them. These are the men whom Secretary of State Dulles has called to flock to our standards. Hundreds of them drift regularly across the boundaries into the Western zones of Germany and Austria.

What hope does America now offer these refugees? Suppose a Latvian has taken the risk of escaping. Suppose he meets all our requirements: is sound in mind and body, not a subversive, not likely to become a public charge, has an American sponsor and guarantor. Let him then apply for his visa at our consulate. He will find, alas, that there is a waiting list, that the Latvian quota unfortunately admits only 235 a year, and that his turn will not come until the year 2274.

He will not be consoled to discover that Englishmen and Germans, who do not wish to emigrate, could be admitted at once. Rather he will begin to speculate on why he should be regarded as a less desirable future citizen than the Briton or German. He will certainly find it more difficult to discover any meaning in American ideals or in the American way of life. For our own actions will have indicated that we regard those as applicable only to the favored few among the races.

We are engaged in a war unlike any we have ever fought before, a war fought as much in the minds and hearts of men as on the battlefields. In the competition for allies we cannot afford to overlook any weapon, much less one tried by experience and in accord with our true ideals.

Long since, we proclaimed that the cause of America was the cause of all mankind. Until the 1920s, our immigration policy implemented that promise. Recognizing no distinctions of origin or creed among those we admitted to residence and citizenship, we gave the people of the world the assurance that what we were struggling to achieve, they could also attain. The fund of friendship and faith we then acquired has only partly been dissipated by the policies we now follow.

It can be restored. Only a few years ago, a tide of reassuring letters from Italian-Americans to relatives in the Old Country helped to swing an election away from the Communists there. Every newcomer who hereafter settles in the United States and begins of his own accord to write home to people he knows will be a far more effective propagandist for Americanism than the expert public relations men we now send abroad. On the other hand, the slurs upon millions of our own citizens who are not "Anglo-Saxon" in antecedents, the animus towards strangers, and the prejudiced quota system undermine confidence in the message we are attempting to spread abroad. Self-interest and principle alike dictate a new line of legislation free of the disastrous prejudices of the present law.

National interest alone should shape immigra-

tion policy. There need be no change in the longstanding safeguards against the entrance of undesirables likely to become public charges, against the diseased, the disabled, the insane, and the subversives who advocate the overthrow of government by force. All such applicants for admission can be excluded as individuals on the ground that they are not likely to contribute constructively to our culture.

The law could also limit the total number of newcomers each year without expressing any invidious prejudices. That total should not be arbitrary and fixed; it should be flexible and should bear some meaningful relationship to our resources and population. At the moment, for instance, it would not strain our capacity to admit one immigrant for every 600 Americans. A maximum of 250,000, with the proviso that the President could lower that sum when necessary in periods of unemployment and depression, would be more reasonable than the present fixed but unattainable figure of 154,000. No year would then see more newcomers than could be absorbed, nor fewer than can readily find places.

Within the total, the central principle of admission for eligible immigrants should be "first come, first served." The potential migrant would register and be examined by the American consul as at present. His name would go on a register or waiting list, as at present. But that register need not be broken up, as it now is, according to national origin. Instead the places would be assigned simply in accordance with length of wait. That would eliminate the inequity of compelling some people to linger hopelessly in Europe for decades, while others enter the land of promise without any delay at all. More important, it would relieve us of the legal absurdity that now leaves many places annually unfilled, while scores of eager, worthy people are turned away.

Special provision could be made, if need be, for particular categories of newcomers. Some preference could be given to unify the families of American citizens. Part of the total could be allocated in special cases for the relief of political and religious refugees, or for assistance in the reconstruction of parts of the world with which the United States is especially concerned. In the next few years we could thus set aside a portion of available quota numbers for Soviet escapees or for some of the surplus population of Italy and Greece. But all such assignments would rest upon a calculation of American interests and not upon racial prejudice.

With this change must come a more general change of administrative attitudes. Immigration

is not a necessary evil; if it is an evil at all, it is not necessary. If, on the other hand, it is a source of potential advantage to the United States, it should be treated as such.

That means the newcomers must not be simply tolerated as supplicants whom we condescend to favor. Future citizens of the United States, they should be treated as such, with all the regard for due process, the rights of the individual, and respect for proper procedures that our law enjoins upon officials in their other contacts with the public. The meannesses of the McCarran-Walter Act must disappear to give the immigrant, in his first encounter with our government, a fair impression of our democracy.

We no longer live in the world of free movement that peopled the United States in the nineteenth century. We cannot restore the old conditions that formerly added 35 million immigrants to our strength. Had we no restrictive laws at all, the prohibitive cost of transportation and the barriers other countries set in the way of the departing immigrants would be enough to limit the flow.

But we can recapture some of the old values, though on another scale. Whatever the limits we set on total immigration, we are not likely again to find millions of applicants crowding to our shores. In the future we are more likely to attract smaller numbers of individuals drawn to us by personal connections or by attachment to our way of life. In the next few years these will probably be Italians, Greeks, and Poles, sponsored and helped across by families, friends, and voluntary organizations.

The new direction of our policy would, however, have a meaning in all parts of the world. In places like India or Indonesia, it is true, only a handful are likely to be affected directly; not many in those countries will ever have the funds to meet the heavy expenses of coming here. But even there the reversal of our restrictive policy would be significant as a token of our attitude toward the world.

There as much as anywhere, the anxious regard of millions of men is fixed upon us. They wonder to what extent Americanism is for them a true alternative to Communism. Do the ideals we hold up to their view, of freedom, equality, and respect for the individual, hold for all mankind; or are they valid only for the favored breeds, as the national origins system implies? A new immigration policy, free of racial prejudices, would help restore the confidence of millions who will themselves never have the opportunity to migrate that Americanism is, in our view, a way of life feasible for all people.

The highest considerations of self-interest call upon us for that affirmation.





# The Atlantic Serial



PETER MAYNE is an Englishman, now in his thirty-fifth year, who has been living in Morocco and who has taken up an antique life where time does not exist, in the alleys of Marrakesh. Because he wanted to write, he stopped trying to be a businessman. He was in Kashmir when the British moved out, and the Pakistanis, whom he had come to admire, invited him to serve them in their newly set up government. For two years he worked without stint in the Ministry of Refugees and Rehabilitation. Then, as the tension eased off, he decided that he would retire to another portion of the Muslim world and invite his thoughts. This is what happened.

## THE ALLEYS OF MARRAKESH

by PETER MAYNE

### 1

I AM a stranger in these parts and Tangier feeds on the flesh of strangers. This is what they say, but no one has yet had so much as a bite out of me because I have sat myself behind carefully chosen defenses from which I shall slip unnoticed and be gone an hour from now.

At the table immediately in front of me are a big Spanish woman, three children, and a man with blue-black hair. The children have been elaborately dressed for the occasion and are slapped when they fidget. "Ignacio! Concepción! Tomás!" To left and right of me are other people at their tables — Spaniards, Moors, nondescripts — and every one of them is engrossed in the spectacle of the Sunday evening *paseo*.

For better or worse we are all gathered in the Socco Chico, which is a *plaza* in the Moorish part of Tangier. Hundreds of us are immobilized thigh to thigh at café tables. Hundreds more are pressed still closer together on the little open *plaza* itself where under the influence of some cosmic necessity they ebb and flow and sway, like algae in the shallows. Amongst them are creatures that dart about in the manner of fishes and smile with their teeth.

Anyway, here I am. My back is against the wall, or rather against a cast-iron grille which ventilates the interior of the café. There is Cinzano on the table beside me and a siphon of aerated water. I am at a loss to know how ants have got into the siphon. Neither the ants themselves nor the people who filled the siphons can have intended this.

"Is it not rather warm," people are asking themselves in their various languages, "for the time of year?" It is spring and it is rather warm. I have an hour in hand, my luggage is safely deposited at the terminus, and I have escaped molestation hitherto, but I begin to fear that there is something behind that grille.

As I say, I am sitting in a little barricaded world of my own, here in the second row of café-terrace tables, and if the Tangier people suppose that I too am admiring their persons and their Sunday evening walking clothes, I should like to tell them that I am doing nothing of the sort. My eyes may be open, they may glint like little chips of coal, but it is not with desire. I have chosen to focus upon infinity, and for me infinity excludes Tangier and the present time and begins tomorrow at Latitude 31.40. The Tangier people can look that up in their atlases, and they may sink or swim for all I care; they may send out distress signals or invitations to the valse, but they have no power to melt my heart or fascinate me. My eyes are open but unseeing. My ears are deaf, or nearly deaf . . . but if there really is someone behind that grille, then it is his voice that hums around the edges of my consciousness. I shall take no notice.

I am still sitting behind my defenses, and there is now no doubt at all that an ill-wisher has discovered a chink in my back-plates through which he is repeatedly hissing a demand. He refuses to be ignored. He is saying, ". . . *vous avez du feu, M'sieur, s'il vous plaît?*"

I passed a box of matches backwards over my shoulder without looking round. It was taken softly through the bars as it might be by a well-mannered parrot.

"*Merci, M'sieur. Tiens! ce sont des cigarettes anglaises que vous avez là?* You are English? If you wish I will try one. I am often glad to accept an English cigarette, *pour changer, n'est-ce pas?*"

I made no move. Someone put a handbill onto my table, leaning forward over the Spanish lady to do so. It said: HOY! HOY! TODAY! TONIGHT! LUCHA LIBRE. SO-AND-SO, THE BLACK MARVELOUS! SO-AND-SO THE LOCAL SPLENDID! COME, COME, COME!

My enemy must have paused to read it too. After a brief interval the voice said, "Ah. All-In Wrestle." It paused again. Then: "Sir. I have something to say, something you will wish to know." There was another pause and he repeated the last sentence.

I did not look round. Instead I said clearly in French, because it seemed more impersonal, "There is nothing that one wishes to know."

"I have been watching. Guarding over you, sir, from the *intérieur*. I have seen all! That girl, for example — the girl in the *costume aux paillettes*. Sir! I implore you!"

I said, "Leave me in peace."

"You do not know! You are strange to Tangier. I know. I have seen the regards exchanged, the balancing of the haunch. Sir, that girl will destroy you in a twink!"

I pretended to have heard nothing.

"Sir, look at me! Turn and look! You will find that I am a nobleman of Morocco. I love your country England and, as my brothers, I love your countrymen English whose language I have learned so fluent from a Swedish gentleman now dead (rest in peace!). You risk to suffer because of your strangeness. This I *will* not see. If you should be heated, then let me advise and assist."

Had the Swedish gentleman really spoken English like this? I turned slowly and looked at the speaker. He was about twenty-five, brownish and shabby. It was not a bad face — a round face with big, black, startled eyes, and when he saw me looking at him he smiled socially and said: —

"Let me present myself. I am Moulay Hamed — or, as you would say, the Seigneur Hamed. I have the *entrée* into all the houses because of my nobleness. You will kindly tell me your name and business and permit me to lead you to some private place where each of the girls is beautiful — and blood-tested by physicians. By *diplomaed* physicians."

The language and the prospect were equally fascinating but I said coldly, "If you do not leave me, I shall leave you."

"But we have only just met!"

"The meeting will do no good to either of us."

"Listen! You are strange here . . ."

"I am not in the least strange anywhere. I was quite happy till you came to pester me."

I had turned round on him again and spoke with an indignation that must have shocked him. He seemed crestfallen. He was obviously a very unsuccessful guide. You had only to look at the others with their flashing self-confidence to know that this poor creature was a failure. I even felt sorry for him. He then said, "Please remain seated. I come to sit at your table."

"Now *you* listen," I replied firmly. "I am a mad person who does not think it strange to be alone and to know nothing, and within a few minutes I shall be gone from here, and I am praying that where I am going I shall find a world where guides are born with the mark on them, so that . . ."

"Going? Where? Oh, sir, *where?*" he broke in. ". . . so that they can be identified by their mamas and strangled before . . ."

"But *where* are you going, sir?" he broke in again.

"I am going to Marrakesh. By the night train."

"*Insha'Allah*," he breathed. Then his face widened into an ecstatic smile. "What! To Marrakesh, you say? Sir, I have a cousin in Marrakesh, equally noble as me, with whom it is possible to lodge for he is *propriétaire* of hotel! *Very* select. Look! I have a photograph of my cousin dressed in Arabic with his friend before the Bureau de Poste of the Place Djema'a el-Fna at Marrakesh. You wish to see?"

And suddenly I found myself with the wallet in my hand and the Seigneur Hamed no longer behind the grille. I knew then that I had been mistaken, that the Seigneur was after all at the top of his profession.

## 2

Is it a strength or a weakness, not to know when you are beaten? I did not know yet. Instead I temporized. An Arab hotel? It would be an appropriate start. I told myself that I needed just the sort of help in Marrakesh that the Seigneur or his cousin could provide. I saw no point in going there to live the life of a European tourist. I also told myself that I was perfectly capable of defending myself and that the boredom — the ineffable boredom! — of half an hour with the Seigneur could be turned to account. I allowed him to join me at my table and the first few minutes were spent explaining why I would not take him with me to Marrakesh. I said that this was not just an excursion but — but he could not understand the distinction I was trying to make. How then could I hope he would understand the whole truth, that I was on the eve of a personal rebirth at which his presence could serve no purpose? So I didn't speak of this. I merely said that I had barely enough money to support myself, let alone to fill two stomachs.



While these facts were taking root in his mind, I allowed him to show me the contents of his little plastic *portefeuille*. First, the photograph of the cousin. I was asked to admit that his cousin was handsome and I said "Yes" willingly enough, though the photograph showed nothing so positive. Most of the picture was taken up by a decorative mount — camels, palm trees, a representation of the famous Koutoubia minaret and other emblems of the south. There was not much room for the two little heads, one in a tarboosh, the other in a skull-cap, and both so sadly blurred. Nevertheless I admired both the young men. Then I admired photographs of the Seigneur himself.

"You consider good?" he asked doubtfully. "I consider that I am made to appear less well than real. The photographer is not good. Next time," he added, putting the pictures reluctantly aside, "I shall make my portraits at the best — the studio Foto Venus."

He took up his identification papers. Then some postcards of Nice and Cap Ferrat that he had received from grateful clients. We read the messages together. Next, behind talc, pictures of Egyptian film stars, pin-up girls of which a brief, exciting glimpse would be obtained each time the *portefeuille* was opened. And finally, as I was handing back a surprisingly complimentary police certificate of *Bonne Vie et Mœurs* that he had spread out for me to read, I said as lightly as possible: "Perhaps I shall see your cousin and give him news of you."

This, as I had hoped, started a train of thought which appealed to the Seigneur. As lightly as I had spoken he replied, "What if I give my cousin a letter . . . ?" The suggestion took shape: he would write a letter to his cousin and I would carry it to Marrakesh. This letter would cause all doors to fly open before me. Leaving his *portefeuille* as a guarantee that I would remain at the table, he darted across the Socco Chico to a *tabac* and returned with a piece of paper and an envelope.

"The pen, please," he said.

It cost him an effort but in due course a letter was written in Arabic, and signed. The signature was in Roman characters, to impress. He was on the point of licking down the flap when he paused, took up his *portefeuille* again, and routed about in it. He did not find what he was searching for, so he turned to me and said quite casually: —

"I was intending to put a thousand-franc note into the letter. I wish to send this little sum to my cousin by your hand so that he may respect you and accord you favors."

"Thank you," I said noncommittally.

We both knew that there was no money in the *portefeuille*.

"Eh bien, que voulez-vous? I find I have left my money in my house." He sighed and looked out into the *place*. It was as full as ever. Two somber-looking men were whispering together and throwing

covert glances in our direction. The girl in the *costume aux paillettes* had disappeared but there were many others, some with eyes downcast demurely, others less demure. Seigneur Hamed was taking a deep breath: "Never mind. Tomorrow you shall come to my house and I shall offer a banquet of couscous. You know couscous? You have tasted it already? Delicious. And then I shall put the money in the letter."

"I am leaving now. By the night train."

He knew this too, but he allowed the information to shock him.

"Then, my dear friend, there is nothing that can be done. It is too late. *O malheur!* You, who beg me to arrange *logement* with my cousin who has the hotel, a true Arab hotel in Marrakesh, alas, you will be obliged to lodge in a common European hotel like any common European tourist. What a sad thing!" He took up the siphon, shook it briskly to work up pressure, and aimed a preliminary squirt on to the floor. I think this must have been to skim off the ants. Then he seemed to notice that his glass was already empty of Cinzano again and looked at me inquiringly. I did not offer him another. Instead I said, "You owe your cousin money?"

"Owe? I told you I wished to *give* him fifteen hundred francs and that if you care to carry the money to him he will certainly . . ."

"You said a thousand."

"I mentioned I was sending a thousand *now* in the letter, and the rest is to follow, of course."

I said nothing for a moment and then murmured: "I was thinking of giving you a small reward for your kindness in offering me an introduction to your cousin. If you like I will pay him some money as if it were from you. Shall I do that?" I fished out a five-hundred-franc note from my pocket to show the extent of my generosity.

He pondered for a moment in his turn. "Perhaps . . . Yes. If you give him five hundred francs, then *this* . . ." He did not even name the sum as he took hold of one corner of the note I still held firmly. ". . . this I will keep till I receive my cousin's assurance that he has carried out my wishes about your comfort and happiness. That is my principal concern, and then only will I send the *second* five hundred to him. That is best, I am sure, and businesslike. And the *third* five-hundred note you may deposit also with me and . . ."

"It is for me to decide the amount," I said. "I will give him five hundred francs only."

"*Bon.* Very well, just as I said, you will pass five hundred francs to my cousin with the letter and I will hold the second and the third five hundred francs and send to him only when . . ."

"I am making the rules."

We glared at each other. I started again: "Look!" I said, adroitly flicking the note out of his grasp and at the same time taking some notes of smaller denomination from my pocket. "Look!

Here are five one-hundred franc notes. *Three*, I will hand to your cousin with your letter. *Two*, I will leave with you. They are yours, these two hundred francs. You can keep them or send them to your cousin, as you please."

"If God wills," he said softly. "*Insha'Allah*. You know that we Arabs always say this? 'If God wills.' It is necessary to say it." He continued rather sourly: "But the sum of which you speak comes to only five hundred francs if I mistake not. Your *calcul* is at fault, sir. *We* are speaking of fifteen hundred francs."

"The sum of which I am speaking is the sum I consider your services are worth to me. I have made a very careful *calcul*, taking account of the Cinzano you have consumed at my expense, your commission from the *patron* of the café, and I have added a little extra payment against your various other services offered but declined."

"If that is your *calcul*, sir, I cannot be sure that you will be well received by my cousin. I have already written 'one thousand' in the letter."

"But now you know the truth."

"Now, of course, on reading the letter my cousin will tell himself and the other important personages of Marrakesh that you have retained most of the money I have given you to give to him. Sir, I do not think that you will be well received."

"The letter can be changed."

"*Kifash?* Mm-m. . . It can be changed if I change it." He was looking mistily at a plump little girl, waving his hand to her in a lordly manner to which she did not, however, respond.

"Then change it," I said. He did not pay any attention as I flicked the notes in his face. "You agree or not?"

"Very well," he said at last. "I agree. But only because we are firm friends. If we were not firm friends I could never agree to so unjust . . ."

"Take the pen and write. Write *five* hundred francs. Write it in figures. That is the sum I will hand to your cousin."

"My cousin is unable to read French figures."

"It is not for your cousin that you must write it: it is for *me*."

He swung round, affronted. "You do not trust me?"

"No," I said.

"How then can I trust you with all this money? Tell me that, sir!"

I let him sit there with his eyes blazing for a few seconds. Then I said, "I do not ask you to trust me. It is I who have to trust you. Moreover, I have decided to give you two hundred and fifty francs for yourself. Now write!"

He compressed his lips and then opened them with the noise of a little bubble bursting. "You have tricked me. You are hard like stone. But a noble does not go back upon his word. Give me the pen!"

It is rather a peculiar arrangement. Actually it is the first Moroccan bargain I have ever struck and it is proper that I should pay too much to begin with.

### 3

I JUST stepped out of the train and allowed myself to be carried on the bosom of the crowd that was already milling towards the exit. I could see the sun shining at the end of the *sortie* passage. I supposed that the porter had my luggage, and I certainly had my ticket somewhere, but no one had time to ask for it as the flood burst through the final barriers. I stood there exultant in the station yard and all about me *djellabas*, veiled women, babies who could fill their lungs and scream now that the ordeal was over. I was silent and alone in my knowledge that this was the moment of rebirth.

". . . *ssss* — *Américain* — you!" It was my porter, flushed and triumphant. "*Tu veux calèche?*"

He was choosing from a row of ancient victorias and I didn't trouble to tell him that I was English.

"This one," he said. An enormous coal-black mammy of a coachman was taking charge of me. I confess I thought his horse looked less solid than its driver but my suitcase and typewriter were already on the box, and they were almost lifting me on to the red leather upholstery of the back.

The coachman was asking: "*Où tu vas?*" I now had leisure to look at him properly: very large, night-blue, a shirt, pantaloons fastened below the knee and a floppety straw hat. I handed over the Seigneur's letter.

"It is written on this," I said.

The coachman took the letter and climbed on to his box, but starting took a little while. He had first to get his whip warmed up, describing leather arabesques in the air with it before he suddenly flicked his wrist and the thong cracked like a pistol shot. After this frightening preliminary of which the horse took no notice at all, he thickened his throat and released a strangled ". . . *ecce-yuh!*" We creaked forward into motion.

This, I thought to myself, looking round at the half-built French town, is still only the anteroom. Somewhere over there is the true city of Marrakesh, though I can't see it yet.

Quite some way over there, too, as far as I could judge from the tariff of fares beside me. A journey within the new French town, I read, would cost a certain sum; a journey over the boundaries of time into the old Moorish city, so much — a great deal more; *Le Tour des Remparts*, a very considerable sum. Were the ramparts as long as all that? Would they be visible soon?

The road was blue with fallen jacaranda blossom, the air yellow with sunshine.

We had been going for some while when the coachman reined in his horse. He turned on his box, pushing back his straw so that he could look at me.



I could now see that he wore a little brown crocheted skullcap under the straw, and that the two together formed a sort of ball-and-socket joint, enabling him to set his straw at a very daring angle without losing it. He smiled down and asked, "*Où, tu dis?*"

Where, indeed! Alas, neither the coachman nor I could read the address on the Seigneur Hamed's envelope, he because he could not read at all and I because I can only read in Arabic the words I already know, and then only if I have myself written them — and I had not written these.

"*Shī bās mā kāin*," he said comfortingly. "Never mind."

We continued our journey. There was a Moor sleeping under a jacaranda tree now and we asked him to help. He could not read either. Someone else was walking vaguely in the same direction as ourselves, so he got in and clomp-clomped with us for a bit, clutching at the letter or my hand or by some other means demonstrating his concern — but he could not read, he said. Another just wagged his hands helplessly from the side of the road when the coachman shouted to him. They were all torn with anxiety to know where I was going. For myself, I was content to sit back against the red leather and let these kind people solve my problem.

In the end it was solved, of course. Another victoria was approaching from the opposite direction; we hailed it and in a minute we were alongside in mid-road, stationary. An elderly Moor was in the back of the other. "He is *fkih*," my coachman said complacently. I didn't know what he meant exactly, but evidently amongst other things it meant that the old Moor would be able to read the address for us, and this proved to be the case. I think my coachman must have asked the *fkih* to open the letter and read the contents too, because the old man nodded and produced a long, rusty wire. But I whisked the letter away before he could get the wire under the flap. I saw no reason why they should read it, harmless though it was. They looked surprised. It was then suggested that I pay the old man a small fee and I did so, but I believe the other coachman pocketed it. We bowed from our victorias, whips cracked, "*eeee-yuh*," and the others drew away.

"Derb el-Bir," my coachman said. "Moulay Ibrahim. Why did you not say?"

At last we knew where we were going, but before we did anything else, the coachman wanted to erect the hood — to shield the fine red leather. It was well after one o'clock and he felt that the sun threatened it. He had not thought of this before, he said, but now he remembered too that I had no hat. I didn't want the hood because it would impede my view — my first view of Marrakesh. We tried to explain our differing viewpoints and the coachman appealed to a passer-by who after some thought ruled that, whereas the sun would go down later in the day, Marrakesh would remain in place,

if God willed it so, and that I would then have my first view of the city when the sun had lost its power to spoil red leather and unprotected heads.

The hood was lowered like a vast black cowl round me. By bending forward over my knees and looking up sideways I could still have obtained a first symbolic glimpse of my new life as soon as it came into view, but I chose instead to lean back against the upholstery, sullenly seeing nothing.

## 4

THE victoria finally came to a stop. Without a word the coachman clambered down and left me. I sat waiting. Some children came and poked their heads in under the hood to stare at me. They varied from black to brownish. I stared back at them but grew bored with staring. We did not speak. They went away after a while. Within a few minutes I saw the coachman again, accompanied this time by a stranger. The two men came up to the victoria and looked in. I was being shown to the newcomer — a plump youth — and they resumed their chatter, too fast for me to follow it. The youth was reading the Seigneur Hamed's letter again. He introduced himself: Si 'Abdelqadir. I was invited to get out of the victoria, and a thin, consumptive-looking creature came forward to collect the baggage. Together we started down the alley.

This was my first interior view of Marrakesh, and it told me nothing. A mean back street, blank walls on either side, a street sign, DERB EL-BIR, in Roman and Arabic characters. The monotony of plastered masonry was broken only by a door within a door, a dozen yards ahead, heavy and studded with metal.

"*Par ici*," the youth said as we reached the door. I was relieved to find that he spoke French. There was no signboard to indicate that it was a hotel.

Everything was settled very amicably. There was of course a formal and noisy dispute over the sum owing to the coachman, during which I quoted the printed fare tariff and he pooh-poohed it. Then another over the meaning of the Seigneur Hamed's letter, and finally the cousin was called. He was obviously someone quite other than the larger of the two young men in the photograph taken outside the Bureau de Poste of the Place Djema'a el-Fna. In fact he wasn't young at all but approaching middle age, with a heavy face framed in beard. He could speak no French and I could not yet trust my Arabic of course, so the friend acted as interpreter. I was told the cousin's name: Moulay Ibrahim. Then I was asked to say exactly how much money had been sent by my hand. I told them. How long, then, did I wish to stay? And when would I pay the balance of the sum owing? It was not at all usual to take lodgers . . . European lodgers, they amended quickly; and another lengthy dispute followed in which I tried to put it into their heads that though

I was in no way responsible for the Seigneur Hammed's debts, it was clear that hope would not die so long as I was accommodated in comfort and happiness. They exchanged glances. When I asked the cost of the lodging they were suddenly sweet.

"*Si peu, si peu,*" the youth 'Abdelqadir said. "Nothing. Nearly nothing. *Shī bās mā kāin* — there is no harm in it. *Yallah!*" and he led the way up a staircase from the little vestibule to my room. Moulay Ibrahim followed, breathing heavily.

Halfway up, Moulay Ibrahim called something to 'Abdelqadir, who looked back and nodded and I had an impression of collusion. Why not? Were they not in a sense banded against me, as well as under some sort of polite obligation?

"Enter!" 'Abdelqadir said as he threw open a small door to let me pass in before him.

The room was like a little luminous box: long and narrow, white plaster walls, though not very white, white plaster ceiling with open beams also plastered. I walked across to the window and glanced out. There was a patio below with rooms all round it. Then I turned back into the room intending to say how nice it was — indeed it was a great deal better than I had expected — and caught the youth fussing about behind the door. Moulay Ibrahim made a startled little noise in his throat, the youth whisked something out of sight behind his back. Something fell to the floor with a tiny clatter in the silence. It was a drawing pin. I stooped to pick it up and caught sight of a stiffish white card that 'Abdelqadir was trying unsuccessfully to stuff into the side pocket of his *djellaba*.

"What's that?" I asked him.

But it was only the notice registered hotels are bound to display in each room: the notice showing the room number and the authorized rate per diem, together with certain rules of the establishment. I took it from him. Room No. 8. The price was Fr. 155 per diem, plus "service" 10 per cent.

"*Rakhās,*" Moulay Ibrahim muttered sadly. "Cheap."

It was certainly cheap. I wondered what they had intended to charge me.

## 5

IT WAS a small room. Its narrow wall just contained a bedstead, brass. It jangled when I thumped it to test the mattress. There was nothing else in the way of furniture except a sort of collapsible table, a stool, and an old, leather-covered chest. I don't pretend that there was any practical advantage in transferring my clothes from my suitcase to the chest, but it was a symbol that the journey was over, and so I unpacked. Then I hid my suitcase under the bed.

I could lay my palm flat on the ceiling. If I stood by the window overlooking the patio, my shoulders overtopped it comfortably. The window was deeply

recessed in the thickness of the wall and the obvious place to sit, so I fetched the pillow from the bed and used it for a cushion. How thick the wall was: two foot, at least! The plaster was badly chipped here and there, and the masonry showed through. I think it was just plain Marrakesh earth, pounded hard and then faced. No wonder they build so thick, if this is the case.

The sun came streaming through the grille, casting its S patterns over me and the shiny surface of the floor. I sat there, looking down into the patio where I could see the *patron* and his friend at a draughts board. The opposing teams were Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola bottle tops. The *patron* would remain silent for a minute and then suddenly slap a bottle top into its new position. Then he would swing back in triumph but his friend, 'Abdelqadir, affected to be unmoved. It occurred to me that I had had nothing all day except *petit déjeuner* on the platform at Casablanca while waiting for the Marrakesh connection: not even anything to drink. I called out to the *patron* and his friend from the window: —

"*Du thé à la menthe, s'il vous plaît. Est-ce possible? Ici? Dans la chambre?*"

"*Wāhad atay!*" the *patron* shouted, without looking up. *Nimero tmenya!*" The porter appeared for a moment, nodded, and then went into the vestibule.

"*Merci!*" I called down to them.

It was after half-past two. I wanted my mint tea and the long wait exasperated me. It seemed such a waste of time, when Marrakesh was waiting outside, so I went to the top of the stairs and shouted down to the porter. Nobody answered. I turned back into my room. There was a little ladder clamped to the wall beside the door that I had not noticed when I arrived. It led up to a broken wooden trap, flush with the ceiling. The roof, obviously. I climbed it and pushed the trap open.

For some time I stood there on the roof, looking slowly about me. I felt a little *exalté* and yet deflated. Arrival is such a definite thing; it is hard to live up to it. Yet this was what I had chosen, out of all the possibilities in the world. It was in order to be here and nowhere else that I had laid my plans, solemnly, as if it mattered profoundly, with neither knowledge nor experience to guide me. It was, of course, profoundly important to me, but in a manner that I had altogether failed to explain to anyone else. I don't think I had really expected my friends to understand. If you are determined to do something irrational, it is best not to tell your friends, but I had tried to tell some, and they had been happy to explain how stupid I was. I had even shown my air ticket to one.

"Ah," he said, nodding wisely. "A return ticket. I see it's valid for six months. I wish I could get away for a six-month holiday." And he looked at me as people look at children they are ready to humor a little.

"I'm going there indefinitely," I said. "The return half is just in case. . . . I can always sell it back."

"Oh, I see. I think you ought to have the courage of your convictions, Peter, however peculiar. Why Marrakesh, I wonder . . . though it's attractive, I hear: smart, too. Lucky to be able to afford it."

He knew perfectly well that I cannot, but I don't choose to think about it, and as I stood there on the roof, my first impressions were filled with hope.

The world was sharp under the sunlight. In Tangier they had told me that I was mad to come here so late in the season. "It will be a furnace," people said. But it wasn't. Not then, in any case. The air was soft and limpid. The plain of Marrakesh lay flat into the distance and beyond it the horseshoe of the High Atlas, snow still lying on the peaks. Everything was brilliantly defined — the mountains, the plain, the immense palm groves beyond the city walls, the city itself, gardens within the city, flat roofs round me in a complex of horizontal planes pierced with minarets. I could see the Koutoubia so high and beautiful over this flat city, and there was another minaret almost as beautiful. The panorama was full of these pointing fingers, but the only one I could identify was the Koutoubia. There were cypresses and Japanese lilac marking patios bigger than most. All this crowding detail, lit with the clarity of a *trompe-l'œil*! I deliberately emptied my mind and stood there, not even looking, but warm with delight.

The noise of the city droned in my ears, somnolent afternoon noises mostly, but from somewhere there came a roaring, diffused with distance, like a great many people far away, their voices merged into one voice, the sea heard in a sea shell.

I looked down into our patio and then wandered across to the other side of the roof. I was above an alley bustling with life. It was clearly not the alley by which I had been brought here. An old beggarwoman was squatting below me and I tried to drop a coin into her hand. The coin went rolling away under the wheels of a bicycle but someone ran after it and picked it up for the beggar. The man on the bicycle fell off as a result, and people crowded round to see what had been broken. But nothing was broken. The man who had collected the coin was telling the beggarwoman that it had dropped from above. He was shouting into her ear and pointing upwards, but she just nodded patiently as if that were what she would expect. She didn't even trouble to look up. Then suddenly a woman in a violent head-scarf started screaming at me from a neighboring roof. She was unveiled and carried an armful of washing. Her screams affronted me. I was for a moment transported back to another Muslim city, Peshawar. I would have known what to shout back if I had still been living in Peshawar, where women aren't allowed to scream at strangers. But here I was tongue-tied and helpless, and angry too. From

below in our patio the friend of the *patron* was screaming at me as well. He had risen from the draughts board.

"*Descends! Descends toi!*"

I descended. I had forgotten already, though I had read of this somewhere. Rooftops are sacred to the womenfolk in Morocco. In theory these poor encloistered creatures live out their lives in their homes, only coming up for air to the roof to peg up the wash, squatting by the parapet to natter to the neighbors' women, exchanging gossip. I don't care to break rules till I know how to do so with impunity, so I descended.

The tea hadn't come, but it came in the end. It was already cold when it arrived.

## 6

I HAVE been in Marrakesh several days now. It is easy enough to find the *Café de France*, even without a guide. It is the grandest of all the cafés in the *medina*, and one of three that give on to the Djema'a el-Fna — one of four, if you count a fourth that has only a sideways, corner-of-the-eye view. Moreover, if you sit on the road-level terrace of the *Café de France* and are content with a *café simple*, it is no more expensive than any other café, and this means that anyone in the position to buy himself a coffee anywhere can use it. Professional guides are said to use it too, as a sort of club, but the season for tourists is over for this year.

The roof of the café is particularly smart. On the roof *consommation* is *obligatoire*, so you can't just sit there and buy nothing. If you want a coffee on the roof, moreover, it has to be a *filtre* at nearly twice the cost of a road-level *café simple*. All drinks cost more there, but of course you do have the view and you can see the people milling about in the *place* below and nearly three hundred degrees of Marrakeshi rooftops against the background of the Atlas.

Yes. The roof is certainly very smart, yet it has this disadvantage: that no one who is not on the roof too can see you being smart there; and that — for some — makes the surcharges less worth paying. Guides take their clients up during the tourist season, but that is a different thing again: guides are there in the way of business, to point out the Pasha's palace and the silhouette of the Hotel Mamounia, which much pleases the chic persons who stay there and puts others in their place. My hotel is invisible from this roof, I am sorry to say.

Down below at road level are the regulars, seated behind marble-top tables where they can watch life flowing about and comment on it. There is no notice here about having to buy *consommations*, but only the most important figures or friends of the *garçon-de-café* on duty can hope to sit long without ordering something.

The people seem to have three kinds of face — a long, a square, and a round, the color varying



from a black that is almost blue to a pink that could well be European. They are good-tempered and polite, but they take no notice of me — and why should I expect them to? I am as outlandish to them as they are to me.

I use the Café de France road-level terrace as a writing place in the mornings. At first the regulars looked at me as I sat writing in my notebook, and they wondered what I was at for so long at a stretch. They did not want to speak to me, but they did want to know what I was up to. One of them, who knows some French, sat down at the next table a day or so ago and regarded me. Finally he asked me outright what I was doing — in order to be able to tell the others, I suppose.

"I am writing," I said. I didn't see why I should be more explicit. Of course my answer didn't satisfy him.

"Whom are you writing to?"

"No one."

"Then . . . ?" He sounded almost angry.

"I am writing a book."

He did not believe me, principally I think because "book" has a different sort of connotation here. The Bible is a "book," the Koran is *the* Book. The little French paperbacks that foreigners carry around and that one can see in the *librairies* aren't the same thing at all. He sat watching my pencil moving across the page and then turned away. After a while he went back to his friends and I was aware that they were whispering together. They didn't believe me. They were unbelieving to the point where it became difficult for me to believe it either — but I refused to stop writing on that account. They sat and watched me, these Moors with their three different kinds of face and dark inquisitive eyes. I suppose they were thinking that I was mad, but they accept the eccentricities of foreigners — at least, I think they do. They call foreigners *berraniyin* — outsiders — regarding them as laughable and also pathetic. They are so safe themselves in the Muslim world that Allah has created for them that they can afford to patronize the poor, simple, underprivileged souls born outside it.

Moulay Ibrahim arranged Mograbi-Arabic lessons for me from a friend of his. His name is El-Meknasi — that is to say, "the Man from Meknes." He must have a name of his own but he doesn't seem to use it. In a society where probably not more than a dozen personal names are commonly used, it is obvious that even linked with the father's name, thus — Mohamed bin Hamed, or Hamed bin Mohamed — a good deal of confusion must result. It is rather smart and distinctive to use a place name or a tribal name as a clearer identification.

El-Meknasi was educated by the French, in Fez, and he speaks French very well. He is pleasant-looking, thirtyish, carefully dressed in the European fashion, with a tarboosh on his head. Perhaps he is a little too self-consciously enlightened, a little too urbane, but he is enthusiastic about his own language and knows how to explain its intricacies in terms of French grammar and syntax. We had our first lesson. It was largely taken up with discovering how little I already knew and checking my capacity to write the Arabic script. El-Meknasi said he was not quite satisfied with the way my European throat pronounced some of the sounds. There is a letter called *'ain*, for example, a guttural which involves retching far down in the gullet, and this torments me.

"It should sound like the bleating of a sheep," he explained. "Thus: 'a-'a-'a-'a-'a . . ." and he bleated like a sheep.

I hope to be able to do this in time.

He comes three evenings a week and between lessons I write little exercises for him on the points covered at the previous session.

The air in Marrakesh is vibrant with "*Insha'Allah*." Wherever I go it is on men's lips, this phrase which admits the omnipotence of God. *Insha'Allah* — if God wills — I will do so and so; *Insha'Allah*, it will rain; *Insha'Allah*, Mohamed will return my packet of "Casa Sport" cigarettes.

Resignation to the will of God and to what He may decide shall become of you is the very essence of Islam. It is no good making plans as if you were a free agent in the matter. No Muslim would consider trying. Any reference to the future requires that *Insha'Allah* should be added, and if the speaker forgets (which is unthinkable), somebody else must say it for him. This does not mean that a simple repetition of the formula will secure whatever it is that you are hoping for, but not to say it involves serious risk of failure.

Some years ago in Waziristan I was setting out by road for some place or another. "We should arrive by teatime, I think," I remarked to my driver, a Muslim. We did not arrive. Nothing particularly annoying happened to us — it was bad country, and it could be dangerous — but we had to spend the night in a place short of our destination. My driver was smugly pleased at this object lesson.

"Of course," he said. "What do you expect? You did not say '*Insha'Allah*.'"

I knew the rules, so I said irritably, "Then why didn't you say it for me?"

"Just to show," he said.

I say it now all right. I even put it in telegrams announcing my arrival.

(To be continued)



AMBASSADOR GEORGE F. KENNAN, who was expelled from Moscow in 1952 by the Kremlin, has a profound knowledge of Germany, Russia, and the borderlands between. He entered the Foreign Service in 1926, following his graduation from Princeton. His first assignments took him to Switzerland, Germany, Estonia, and Latvia, after which he pursued Russian studies for two years at the University of Berlin. From 1933 to 1935 he was the invaluable Russian-speaking Aide to Ambassador Bullitt in Moscow, and remained there until 1937. In 1938 and 1939 he was in Prague, where he witnessed the disintegration of Czechoslovakia under the Nazi pressures. The war years were spent in Berlin, Lisbon, London, and again — Moscow. In 1947, Secretary Marshall appointed Mr. Kennan his "diplomatic chief-of-staff." Speaking to the Princeton alumni in February, he made these recommendations for the training of young diplomats and students of international affairs.

## TRAINING FOR STATESMANSHIP

by GEORGE F. KENNAN

### 1

ONE can hardly complain today about the time and effort devoted in American colleges and universities to instruction in foreign affairs. I doubt whether there is a liberal arts curriculum in the country which does not offer courses or activities in this field, and many of the technical institutions also are beginning to include such courses.

There are people, I am sure, who would feel that the high volume of instruction in this field is in itself the guarantee of a fairly respectable measure of achievement. These people would argue that some instruction in international affairs is obviously better than none at all, and that therefore this impressive volume of activity must produce useful results, regardless of the content of the courses.

About this I have my doubts. I am not certain that there is any virtue in teaching people about international affairs — aside from such virtue as may reside in the tenor of the teaching itself. Since the amount of relevant factual material is infinite, embracing in the last analysis practically everything there is to know about the human family, international affairs is a field in which the pursuit of knowledge without understanding is peculiarly pointless and useless. This being the case, mere volume of instruction does not guarantee anything at all in the way of desirable results. In fact, if instruction does not proceed from a realistic understanding of the subject, it can be worse than useless. I think anyone who has lectured extensively about foreign affairs will have had the same experience I have had — of noting that the questions asked by simple and relatively uneducated people are often

more sensible and penetrating than those asked by people who have had a good deal of teaching on these subjects but have been taught the wrong way.

Instruction in international affairs can be given for two different purposes. The first is to instill into the student the type of understanding of the subject needed by the man who is not going to make participation in international affairs his business in life but who wants to acquit himself creditably of his duties of citizenship. A man who wants to be a good citizen needs to be able to judge men and issues in national life. But there are few important issues of national policy that can be understood today except in relation to our international position. And even the quality of the statesmanship of our national leaders often becomes manifest primarily in their reactions to problems that are at least partly problems of international life. The conscientious citizen therefore obviously requires as broad and enlightened an understanding of this subject as he can get.

The second purpose which instruction in international affairs can serve is to prepare men for service in the foreign field, either in governmental or in other positions.

It is a mistake to think of international affairs as anything outside the regular context of life — as anything which a man could hope to understand without having to understand things much more basic. There is no such thing as foreign affairs in the abstract. The relations between nations are part of the whole great problem of politics — of the behavior of man as a political animal.

They are inseparably connected with the fundamental human problem of power that lies at the heart of all politics: the problem of how the freedom of choice of the individual, or of the organized society, is to be limited in order to repress chaos and ensure the good order necessary to the continuation of civilization.

We Americans have a strange — and to me disturbing — attitude toward the subject of power. We don't like the word. We don't like the concept. We are suspicious of people who talk about it. We like to feel that the adjustment of conflicting interests is something that can be taken care of by juridical norms and institutional devices, voluntarily accepted and not involving violence to the feelings or interests of anyone. We like to feel that this is the way our own life is arranged. We like to feel that if this principle were to be understood and observed by others as it is by us, it would put an end to many of the misunderstandings and conflicts that have marked our time.

But we ignore the fact that power underlies our own society as it underlies every other order of human affairs distinguishable from chaos. Order and civilization are not self-engendering. They do not flow from themselves or even from any universal and enlightened understanding of political institutions in the abstract.

In our country, the element of power is peculiarly diffused. It is not concentrated, as it is in other countries, in what we might call the "pure form" of a national uniformed police establishment functioning as the vehicle of a central political will. Power with us does exist to some extent in courts of law and in police establishments, but it also exists in many other American institutions. It exists in our economic system, though not nearly to the degree the Marxists claim. Sometimes, unfortunately, it exists in irregular forces — in underworld groups, criminal gangs, or informal associations of a vigilante nature — capable of terrorizing their fellow citizens in one degree or another. Above all, it exists in the delicate compulsions of our social life, the force of community opinion within our country — in the respect we have for the good opinion of our neighbors. For reasons highly complex, we Americans place upon ourselves quite extraordinary obligations of conformity to the group in utterance and behavior, and this feature of our national life seems to be growing rather than declining. All these things can bring us to put restraints upon ourselves which in other parts of the world would be imposed upon people only by the straightforward exercise of the central police authority.

Now I am not taking exception to this curious diffusion, within American life, of the power to make men conform to given patterns of behavior. It has both advantages and dangers. It represents unquestionably a manner of protecting the interests of the individual against the more dangerous and

humiliating forms of tyranny and oppression in normal times. But we must not permit this advantage to blind us to the fact that such a thing as power does exist and is, indeed, a necessity of civilization, flowing from certain facts about human nature — certain imperfections if you will — that are basic and that are not going to be corrected by any man-made device, whether institutional or educational. These basic facts provide one of the main keys to the understanding of history. They lie at the heart of our problem of living together as human beings within the borders of this land. And they also lie at the heart of our problem of living side by side with other human societies within the broader framework of this planet.

Whoever would understand foreign affairs, therefore, cannot and will not do it solely by understanding the intricacies of tariffs or the various classifications of treaties or the ways in which the United Nations Charter differs from the Covenant of the League of Nations or the techniques of sampling mass opinion. International affairs are primarily a matter of the behavior of governments. But the behavior of governments is in turn a matter of the behavior of individual man in the political context, and of the workings of all those basic impulses — national feeling, charity, ambition, fear, jealousy, egotism, and group attachment — which are the stuff of his behavior in the community of other men.

Whoever does not understand these things will never understand what is taking place in the inter-relationships of nations. And he will not learn them from courses that purport to deal with international affairs alone. He will learn them, rather, from those things which have been recognized for thousands of years as the essentials of humanistic study: from history and from the more subtle and revealing expressions of man's nature that go by the names of art and literature.

## 2

I WOULD say, therefore: Let the international affairs course stand as an addendum to basic instruction in the humanities. Let it stand as an exercise in which the student is told to take what he has already learned about the characteristics of the human animal and to note in what curious and marvelous ways they find their ultimate expression in the behavior of governments. Let foreign relations be viewed as one area — an extremely important one — in which these laws of nature work themselves out. But let the teaching of the subject not be permitted to obscure its basic components. Let no one be permitted to think that he is learned in something called a "science" of international relations unless he is learned in the essentials of the political process from the grass roots up and has been taught to look soberly and unsparingly, but also with charity and sympathy, at his fellow human



beings. International affairs is not a science. And there is no understanding of international affairs that does not embrace understanding of the human individual.

Only if these principles are observed will we be able to free ourselves from the strain of utopianism that has been present in the teaching of international affairs in our country in recent decades. By this I mean teaching that portrays incorrectly the nature of our world environment and our relation to it and encourages students to disregard the urgent real requirements of international life in favor of the cultivation of artificial and impractical visions of world betterment. This argument about the philosophy of our approach to our problems of foreign relations is one that has been agitating our academic communities intensely in recent months. I am myself a partisan in the dispute. I shall only say here that further exposure to the bitter realities of the practice of international relations, in a place where these realities are about as bitter as they can conceivably be, has strengthened my conviction that the shortcomings in the teaching of international affairs, and primarily the leanings toward shallow and utopian interpretations, represent, in their ultimate effect, an important limitation of our ability to handle ourselves effectively in world affairs. Admittedly this is largely a question of general educational level, and not just of the philosophical tenor of courses on foreign affairs; but that is precisely my point. Until we can achieve a deeper and more realistic understanding generally, among the influential strata of this country, as to what is really involved in the process of international relations, I fear we shall not succeed in reducing appreciably the number of bewildering and painful surprises our people derive from the unfolding of international events.

If the young men of this day are to be trained to look clearly and intelligently on America's foreign relations, the teaching to which they are subjected must be stern and uncompromising. It must be founded in humility and renunciation of easy effects. It must exclude all that is Pollyannaish and superficial. It must reject utopianism and every form of idealism not rooted in an honest and unsparing recognition of the nature of man. It must free itself from the tyranny of slogans, fashionable words, and semantic taboos. It must proceed from a recognition that the understanding of this subject can never be more simply acquired than the understanding of its basic component, which is man himself.

### 3

SO MUCH for the teaching of the understanding of international affairs. Now a word about the teaching of the practice of it. There are a number of institutions in the country engaged, either entirely or partly, in this sort of teaching. I think they

have done fine work. I think that they deserve every support. What I say is not in criticism of them but rather by way of defense of them against the pressures to which I know they must from time to time be subjected.

The participation of individual Americans in international activity takes a variety of forms, even within the framework of government work alone. The variety is so great that no institution could hope to give complete vocational training, in the strict sense of the word, for work in the international field. A man who enters the Foreign Service of the United States or who goes abroad in the employ of any great American concern, commercial or philanthropic, is apt to find himself dealing with the most amazing diversity of problems. This lies in the nature of international life and in the necessity — whatever the man's function — of reconciling conflicting national outlooks and customs.

As far as I can see, the qualities that enable people to measure up to these various functions are the general qualities of understanding, adaptability, tact, and common sense. Certainly that is true of the Foreign Service of the United States. To be useful in the tasks of service in the international field, a man requires dignity both of the intellect and of character. The two are linked in curious ways, but character, in my opinion, is unquestionably the more important.

As one who has been in charge of Foreign Service establishments at one time or another, I can say without hesitation that I would wish my subordinates to be well-disciplined both in mind and in character; but if I had to choose, I would take any day the man on whose character I could depend, even though I had to nurse him along in his thinking, rather than the man whose mind might have been trained but whose character was unformed or undependable.

The qualities of honor, loyalty, generosity, consideration for others, and sense of obligation to others have been the guts of usefulness and effectiveness in the Foreign Service as I have known it. This was true even in the more distant days when it was easier to be a part of government, when the relationship of the individual officer to his superiors rested on rather old-fashioned assumptions that made things simple and uncomplicated for both parties and permitted the officer to concentrate his attention almost entirely on the external aspects of his work. How much truer it is today, when so much more is asked of the individual and so little help is given him. In our present controversial age, when the growing awareness of the responsibilities of citizenship and the sudden impact of the hideous problem of human disloyalty are whipping our established institutions about like trees in a storm, the position of the professional civil servant can become the center of some of the most severe strains and tensions our society knows. In this day of

bigness and impersonality, of security clearances and loyalty investigations, of swollen staffs and managerial specialists — in this day, in short, of the fading vitality of the individual relationship in government — it requires a special manliness and fortitude for the civil servant to stride confidently along the path of his duties, to retain his serenity of mind and confidence in the future, to find the deeper roots of understanding of his own country and the deeper sources of faith in the utility of what he is doing.

As I said in my talk before the Pennsylvania State Bar Association, there has been much discussion about Communist penetration into our government. But people seldom attempt to appraise the actual damage done thereby to our public policy. I have been fairly close to the policy-making processes in Washington for the past six years. With many of the decisions I have been personally in accord; with others, not. But I cannot recall a single major decision of foreign policy during that period which Communist influence could have had any appreciable part in determining. If, therefore, I were to be asked what part Communist penetration had played in creating our difficulties and perplexities of today in the field of foreign affairs, I would have to say that — as far as these past years are concerned — that part has been negligible, and I am sure it is negligible today.

On the other hand, I have seen serious damage done in these recent years to public confidence and to governmental morale by the mishandling of our own measures to counter precisely this problem of Communist penetration. Such damage has been done by the public discussion of things that should have been handled quietly and privately. It has been done by the inability of many people to distinguish between questions of loyalty and questions of opinion. It has been done by the workings of hastily devised and not fully appropriate procedures for testing and establishing the reliability of public servants. Finally, such damage has been done by the failure of many people to realize that what is important from the standpoint of personal loyalty is not the dusty record of actions committed ten to twenty years ago and now proven by hindsight to have been errors, but the picture of the living human being as he stands before us today, and the extent to which he now possesses wisdom and maturity and stability and all those other positive qualities which too often are acquired only through the process of painful error.

The result to date of all these deficiencies in the treatment of the subject of civic loyalty has been the creation of a situation which worries me precisely because it seems to me to play very dangerously into the hands of those men who have constituted themselves our adversaries in the international sphere. I can see no reason why malicious

people should have any particular difficulty in rendering unavailable for service to this country almost any person whom they might select for this treatment. All that is necessary is to release a spate of rumors and gossip and demands for investigation. There are always tongues willing and eager to take up this cry and carry it further; something of it is bound to stick in the public mind; and in the end, if the public servant in question is not discouraged and demoralized, a portion of the public will at any rate have lost confidence in him, and his usefulness to the country will have been thereby reduced. Mind you, I am thinking here not only of the man's loss, which may be grievous. I am thinking of the country's loss, which is more grievous still. Are we so rich in talented public servants that we can afford to leave the ones we have vulnerable to this sort of danger?

In coping with the strains and trials that such conditions involve, the official will not be much helped by memorized facts or by acquired techniques. He will not be much helped by erudition, as distinct from understanding. He will be helped primarily by those qualities of courage and resolution that make it possible for men to have independence of character, to face the loneliness and opprobrium this sometimes involves, and to stand up for their friends and their beliefs and their sense of duty to the national tradition.

It is my impression, from the recollection of my days as an undergraduate, that understanding based on a firm grasp of the humanities, and character based on an uncompromising integrity in all personal associations, are the very essence of a liberal education and represent goals to which our colleges have clung in the face of very considerable pressures. This is my plea: Let those students who want to prepare themselves for work in the international field read their Bible and their Shakespeare, their Plutarch and their Gibbon, perhaps even their Latin and their Greek, and let them guard as the most precious of their possessions that concept of personal conduct which has grown up around the honor system, but of which the honor system is only a part and a symbol. Let them guard that code of behavior which means that men learn to act toward each other with honor and truthfulness and loyalty, to bestow confidence where confidence is asked, and to build within themselves those qualities of self-discipline and self-restraint on which the integrity of a public service must be founded.

If these things are clung to and cultivated, then our colleges will be doing what is most important to prepare their sons to confront the problems of international life, whether as citizens or as public servants. Whatever else can be taught them about the contemporary facts of international life will be a useful superstructure — but only that.



JUDGE ELIJAH ADLOW is completing his twenty-fifth year in the Municipal Court of the city of Boston. In that quarter of a century, he has witnessed some changes not for the better in American morality. This is the *Something-For-Nothing Age*, he says, and there is no clearer demonstration of it than in our attitude toward claims. All but one of the instances he describes have occurred within his own court.

## OUR SOMETHING-FOR-NOTHING AGE

by JUDGE ELIJAH ADLOW

### 1

IN the twenty-five years that I have served on the Bench, a considerable part of my time has been devoted to the adjudication of claims for personal injuries. As a practicing attorney I had little experience with this sort of litigation. At the law school which I attended the emphasis was on other branches of the law. The young men with whom I associated, both as a student and a novice at the Bar, scoffed at the "accident case" lawyer.

But by the time that I went on the Bench, in 1928, accident litigation had attained overwhelming proportions. In nearly every court the dockets were several years behind schedule. If the statistics are consulted, it will be found that court entries for this type of litigation reached their highest level during the late twenties. These claims could not be explained by the widespread popularity of the automobile alone. All kinds of injury claims were being litigated. There were suits against railroads, streetcar lines, municipalities, public utility corporations, merchants, restaurants, and property owners. The lists in the tort sessions were always long, and the corridors were crowded with litigants, lawyers, and witnesses.

Some of the claims stand out because they were so unusual. A large department store once defended an action in my court that was brought by a woman who had suffered a gross indignity from the fact that a very expensive dress she had purchased gave off such an offensive odor at a party she attended that she was obliged to leave. The dress was sent to a chemist and the analysis disclosed that the odor was caused by the presence in the dress of embalming fluid. Further investigation by the store revealed that the dress had been purchased previously by an undertaker for the purpose of dressing a corpse, and after the funeral had been returned to the store. Despite the obvious imposition practiced on the store by the undertaker, there was a breach of warranty for which the

store was liable — a fact which it was fair enough to concede.

I have seldom seen any of the prominent accident lawyers in my court. They rarely bring their writs in lower courts. They expend large sums in the preparation of the cases, and seek large awards. In short, they put their trust in juries, and the entire philosophy of their practice is predicated upon the type of mentality which they have to impress to secure verdicts. As a result, despite the fact that I have heard thousands of accident cases during my judicial career, I rarely hear any that involve serious injuries.

The only case I ever heard involving the loss of a leg in an accident was against an uninsured and judgment-proof defendant. I have no doubt that if the defendant in this case had been financially responsible, the case would have been tried before a jury. In the entire quarter-century I have been on the Bench I have not heard over a dozen cases in which the plaintiff suffered a fracture of an arm or leg. And yet the bulk of the business in my court is concerned with personal injury and property damage claims. What are they like?

In nearly every personal injury claim I hear, the injury is usually objectively evidenced by contusions or abrasions. There are many causes which do not even offer this visual proof of injury. In a great many cases the court is called upon to determine the injury on the basis of subjective symptoms described by the plaintiff. By subjective symptoms I mean conditions of which the injured party alone is aware and for the existence of which we must take his word. There can be no doubt that some of these claims are made in good faith and are valid. But no small portion of them are without merit. What baffles the judge is to know which claims are true and which are false.

Even though the specialists in accident litigation prefer to try their serious injury claims before



juries, they are not very modest with respect to their expectations regarding the claims they bring in the lower court. Whether the plaintiff has objective symptoms or not, there is usually evidence supported by medical testimony of amazing complications. Most popular among the consequential injuries attributed to accidents are those ailments about which science is none too certain with respect to both diagnosis and prognosis. I have heard doctors tell me that very minor collisions were responsible for most serious ailments. The judge who listens to this evidence day in and day out is confronted with a superhuman task. Whom is he to believe?

To embarrass the judge further, the specialists in accident litigation at the lower court level make claims in behalf of clients regardless of the nature of the accident. I have heard a multitude of causes in which cars touched each other so slightly as to leave no marks on either vehicle. And yet every person in both of the machines involved brought claims for personal injuries. If by any chance any of the passengers had an old ailment, it invariably was reactivated. The courtroom echoes with recitals of dislocated vertebrae, sacroiliacs, reactivated arthritic conditions, and contusions and abrasions. Some of the stories are hard to swallow; some are credible. For the judge who wants to do the right thing the problem is mighty difficult.

Very early in my judicial career I discovered that a great many persons involved in accidents go to their lawyers first and to their doctors afterwards. I also learned that in a great many cases the suggestion that a claim be made came, in the first instance, from doctors consulted by the injured parties. The paradox of the "claim age" is that lawyers discover injuries and doctors find legal liability.

## 2

THERE can be no doubt that there are many worthy cases. Accidents resulting from negligence have brought plenty of tragedy into American homes, and the legitimate claims for losses of earnings, for pain, suffering, and for medical expenses, are in themselves sufficient to constitute a major concern for contemporary America. What provides occasion for alarm is that the plight of the honest victims of accidents has not been lightened by the suspicion and doubt cast on the entire situation by the promoters of spurious claims.

On countless occasions the problems of credibility posed by witnesses, particularly doctors, have made the task of adjudication an exceedingly difficult one. During the thirties, doctors specializing in accident cases were known by the injury patterns into which their patients' disorders fitted. Certain hospitals were notorious for their build-up of the most insig-

nificant injuries. More notorious than all else was the fact that lawyers diagnosed conditions to suit their interests, and then canvassed the medical fraternity until they found doctors to support their theories.

Lower court judges are frequently scoffed at by accident lawyers for their tightfisted policies in the disposition of claims. Actually they overlook the fact that the cases entered in the lower courts are those which have little jury appeal, and which do not appear serious enough to insurance companies to merit settlement.

There are exceptions. Some very high awards have been made in accident cases in my court. Lawyers with confidence in the inherent merit of their claims and anxious to get a speedy trial have brought their writs there. But these cases are in the decided minority. The plaintiffs who appear before me are never in wheel chairs or on crutches, nor do they sport braces or Thomas collars. These are the indicia of big-money demands and are reserved for the forum where the big money is usually given.

I remember an occasion when a lawyer came to me in the lobby to complain of my dispositions in three cases tried by him before me. These three cases grew out of the same accident, and I had disposed of them by finding in favor of one of the plaintiffs and against the other two. The lawyer was outraged, and he hastened to inform me that I was wrong in all three cases. He told me that the two plaintiffs who had lost should have won; and that the plaintiff who had won should have lost. How he expected me to figure out which of his claims were legitimate I have yet to learn.

Nor are the members of the Bar consistent in their criticism of judges. I have heard them complain that awards were too small when they represented plaintiffs, and that damages were excessive when they represented defendants. The same lawyer who demands the most outrageous damages for his clients will be found most niggardly when he is defending a similar action.

In Massachusetts every automobile owner is required by law to be insured against personal injury claims to the amount of \$5000. The widespread use of insurance coverage has produced some awkward court situations. I have had litigated before me cases where mothers sued their sons, where brothers sued their brothers, and where daughters sued their mothers. The amenities of family life that once betokened loyalty, affection, and forgiveness wither in the atmosphere of the claim age. I do not blame the parties so much for these inhuman and incongruous displays as I do the lawyers and doctors who encourage and promote this type of litigation.

The number of claims arising from a single accident often serves to defeat the meritorious claimants. During the thirties a streetcar operated by the Boston Elevated Railway jumped the track.

The maximum load which the car could carry approximated 50 passengers, and yet over 200 people filed claims against the streetcar line for injuries. The young lawyer for the defendant showed the mark of genius on this occasion. He marked all the cases for trial at the same time, and the entire army of litigants appeared in my court on the same day. I had all I could do to get into the courtroom. This case afforded an unusual opportunity to discover the extent to which our age has been corrupted by the rage for litigation.

## 3

SOME of us are old enough to remember the accidents that happened at the corner grocery store or on the steps of a neighbor's house, the occasional bite by a neighbor's dog, or the nip on the arm by a horse in the street. There were countless experiences which resulted in injury but which were forgiven and forgotten in the hustle and bustle of daily life.

In every household there were occasional discussions of the good fortune of this or that fellow who was in an accident and who, by dint of the remarkable talents of a lawyer, managed to get an absurdly high settlement or an equally absurd verdict. To this day there is feeling in certain circles that money given for injuries is in the nature of a wind-fall, even when the injury is genuine and the award is merited.

In tracing the development of our claim-minded age certain things stand out. We hardly ever see a case litigated against a poor man. Few lawyers are interested in the empty satisfaction of a finding in favor of a client. What they want is the opportunity to share in a generous award; and it must be an award that is collectible. That is why suits against municipalities and against utility corporations were so popular during the nineteenth century. That is why suits against automobilists became popular in the early days of the automobile when to own an automobile was usually an assurance of financial dependability.

As a result of the vast expansion of the casualty insurance business, nearly every automobile owner holds out to the world the same promise of financial accountability that was previously afforded by municipalities, railways, and streetcar lines. Where at one time only a small fraction of accidents offered any prospect of collecting damages, today the judgment-proof defendant is the exception rather than the rule. It would be hard to determine whether the mammoth proportions attained by the accident claim situation derive from the widespread insurance coverage that guarantees financial responsibility, or whether the resort to insurance is the consequence of the notorious conditions provided by a claim-minded generation.

There is an intense competition for business

among tort lawyers. It is not unusual for lawyers who specialize in accident cases to advance money to claimants on the strength of prospective settlements. I have heard of claimants actually shopping around among lawyers and giving the claim to the lawyer who offered the largest advance. I have heard of lawyers who bring radios and other items of utility to patients at hospitals in the hope of handling their claims. In an age that echoes the virtues of the something-for-nothing philosophy, a man with an accident claim of most modest size is in a position to do a great deal of chiseling.

I have heard of many occasions when lawyers have been victimized by claimants. Some years ago a defendant appeared in my criminal session charged with larceny. His racket consisted of going to lawyers' offices and telling of a serious accident in which he had received permanent injuries. This defendant knew the kind of a case that could warm a real accident lawyer's heart. It was always a case with perfect liability and always against a defendant who would pay any verdict a jury might render. Naturally a client like that had all the earmarks of a "gift from heaven." But there was always the temporary financial embarrassment that came from the loss of earnings due to the accident, and the client invariably requested a small loan which would be repaid when the case was settled. This faker had worked the racket on over fifty lawyers in Boston alone. The police had a list of his victims and it was amazing for me to discover among them the names of men who enjoyed an excellent standing at the Bar.

Recently a man was brought before a colleague of mine and charged with four distinct larcenies from insurance companies. This man, feigning blindness, walked the streets wearing black glasses and using a cane. He would hook his cane on the bumper of a car and fall down. Bystanders, impressed with his apparent helplessness, would assist him to his feet and stop the driver of the car which allegedly struck him. The next day he would go to the insurance company to which the driver referred him and settle his claim for sums ranging from \$25 to \$75. Within ten days he had made four such settlements. My associate sent this man to the Psychopathic Hospital, where it was speedily discovered that he was not blind, nor even psychotic. He was just an ordinary crook. As this is being written, he is serving a sentence in the House of Correction.

His story is not unusual or exceptional. On many occasions I have seen lawyers withdraw from cases on discovering that they have been victimized by professional claimants. It is not unusual to learn that claimants have attributed the same injury to more than one accident, and that the same claimants have had three or four claims pending in the hands of as many different lawyers at the same time.

Particularly vulnerable at the present time are the insurance companies, who are subject to pressure

from their assured. In times like these, when wages are high, there is much to be saved by the speedy settlement of claims. It is not only the loss of the wages which the witnesses must be paid while they are in court, but the disruption of the business routine occasioned by their absence, that gives concern. As a result, cases that can be settled for what appears to be a small amount are rarely entered in court.

Other considerations explain the desire to settle claims. The major defect of our judicial system is in the unpredictability of judges and of juries. When I have discussed questions of liability and damage with my colleagues on the Bench, I have been amazed at the wide differences in their reactions to identical facts. If judges in the honest expression of viewpoint can uncover such differences, is it any wonder that injuries can prove disappointing on occasion?

It is easy to understand why people mistrust courts when they pick up the morning paper and read a headline that announces that a jury in Tennessee has awarded \$200,000 to a boy maimed as a consequence of a doctor's negligence. What confidence can a defendant in a tort case have when he reads that a jury in New York awarded a man damages in the amount of \$106,000 because injuries suffered by him in an elevator accident changed him "from a happy, home-loving father to . . . a brooding crank"? Can we blame people for a lack of confidence in the judicial process when we read that in Pittsburgh a judge awarded a widow \$13,096 for the loss of her husband "by being sucked into a blast furnace," even though no one saw him being sucked into the blast furnace, or saw him burning in it, or saw any remains that would indicate that he had burned to death? And there is something ludicrous about a jury deciding that a cancerous condition which caused death was caused by the presence of a foreign substance in a cookie the deceased had eaten several years before. When the entire world of science is at a loss to explain the cause of cancer, isn't it ridiculous to believe that a jury is able to decide the question?

In recent years Congress has passed compensation laws to protect workers in interstate commerce. Among the more prominent beneficiaries of this legislation are the railroad workers and the seamen of America. In drafting these Federal acts, Congress ignored completely the workmen's compensation acts and the death statutes of our various states. As a result workers in interstate commerce enjoy tremendous advantages over local workers in the benefits derived from compensation claims. In recent years juries in Federal courts have rendered fantastic verdicts in cases involving either fatal accidents or ordinary injuries.

Within a few months I have read of the widow of a railroad worker receiving an award of \$140,000

for the death of her husband. In the same court a fisherman who suffered permanent injury to his hands while at sea received an award of \$160,000. Hardly a week goes by that does not witness huge awards by Federal juries in similar cases. These awards give added impetus to the urge of a claim-minded generation for more and bigger claims. Within the last six months one lawyer secured over a half million dollars in awards in the Federal court in Boston against one defendant alone. If this is typical of what is happening all over America, it is easy to see where our jack-pot method of handling claims is landing us.

In the days when commutative justice was the vogue, liability was predicated on fault, and to discover who was to blame was an important phase of every trial. Today a socially conscious world is dedicated to the task of providing for injured persons regardless of whether they are blameworthy. If we are to change the basis of responsibility and throw the burden on those who can pay rather than on those who are to blame, we should at least establish a rational basis for determining damage. Our state workmen's compensation systems have much to commend them. What is more, courts are entitled to the advice of impartial doctors in determining injury. The idea that a judge or a jury can make a decision that is intelligent on the basis of conflicting medical testimony is preposterous.

Our legislatures can do something about the absurd rules of evidence which prevent the fact that a plaintiff is a chronic litigant from being made known to a jury. They can change the rules regarding damages, which should be limited to loss actually sustained. Why should a man who draws his salary while convalescing from an injury be paid for his loss of earnings? And in an age when the burden is thrown on the man who can pay rather than on the man who is to blame, why should fantastic allowances be made for pain and suffering?

Today insurance represents one of America's major industries. It has done little or nothing to stop the claims racket. At times I have suspected that the insurance companies enjoy the development of a situation which has driven every man who is financially responsible to take out more and more coverage.

We should revise the statutory basis on which the victims of accidents are reimbursed for their loss. The Federal and state compensation laws should be brought into harmony with one another. It is absurd to give the widow of a man employed by a local trucking concern \$15,000 for his death, while the widow of a switchman killed in a near-by freight yard gets \$140,000. And what makes the entire spectacle more sickening is that the same Congress that gives a soldier who has lost both arms in Korea an allowance of \$200 a month has so legislated that a fisherman who suffers similar injuries on his job can obtain an award of \$160,000.





## An Atlantic Story



CRARY MOORE is the pen name of a young Bostonian-by-adoption. She says, "My three favorite things are horses, parties, and indolence. Writing runs a bad fourth. I took it up to avoid exercise, which is very popular around here." This is Miss Moore's third story to be published in the Atlantic. In her second, she introduced the Crane sisters, Emily and Betsy, to our readers.

### A SHADOW TO LEAVE BEHIND

by CRARY MOORE

I HEARD a thump on the carpet. Then the quilt slithered off and a sudden weight paralyzed my chilly feet. My sister Emily, of course, wide-awake, itching to tell me about a prom or a big weekend, or the ineffable charms of Amory Standish. The thump meant a suitcase, and the barbarous hour meant that she was just off the midnight train from Boston. Emily often came up to 80th Street, to confide and giggle, before taking the local back to college, where she is a freshman. She looks like a young Siamese cat: small dark head, immense blue eyes — and usually, after raiding Harvard, that cat is full of cream. It is no small thing for a debutante to be the mascot and treasure of Amo and Harry and Joey, those nonpareils; but on a February Monday all gaiety seems repellent, even Emily's. I did not open my eyes.

"Please, Betsy," said a tentative voice. "I did shut the window . . . please wake up. I'm so miserable."

Startled into coöperation, I said, "Good Lord. You look it." My room was a cold gray limbo behind Emily's huddled silhouette, as she sat tailor-fashion on the bed. Her thin square shoulders were slumped and her face wan. "Have you been to Harvard to look at the king?"

"Not Amo," she said. "Chub Porter — the 'baboon' one, remember?" She meant Brinley Tosie Porter III, two years older than her crowd and their least prepossessing satellite. He said to me once that a man like Amo Standish could tell anybody to go to hell; it was Chub's highest compliment. He was ashamed of coming from Tulsa. "He called up Friday night at one o'clock, and I had to wake up the Resident and get special per-

mission. Right then — he couldn't wait. He said he was drinking at Cronin's with Amo and Harry and Joey; and Bets, I thought he was tight, but I couldn't say no. Could I?"

"To Chub? Why not? You always *have*."

"You don't understand," she said impatiently. "He was on his last leave. Before Korea."

"Good grief . . . somebody did say, in June, Chub was headed for the Air Corps. I'd forgotten all about it."

"He flunked the physical," Em said, "and got commissioned in the Infantry. No fun, I guess." She ran nervous fingers through her hair. "Oh Bets, I *hope* I was right . . . I didn't think, you know, Friday night; he was on the line; so I just tore up and asked Mrs. Broome. She was so sweet, she said she understood perfectly."

"Academic biddies," I said, shaking my head, "very sentimental. I understand perfectly: he was putting you on the spot. What was he doing in Boston anyway? I'd want to be at home."

"He hates it there, you know it. He never went home on vacations. He said he was staying at the Ritz — imagine! — seeing his old friends. He called them that."

"Awkward for them," I said. "And why you? Hasn't he got a girl by now? Or has he always had a secret squash on you?"

"I don't know. They say Chub hasn't had a girl since he was a sophomore. She embarrassed him or something, with some club people. Remember, he didn't make any final club? He thought that was why; and he never risked another girl." She plainly hated admitting it. The sad little expediences of hopeful snobs at Harvard have always seemed piti-

ful to me, but Emily's pristine naïveté is a bit uncompromising.

"And spoiled his own fun," I said. "Poor silly mutt."

"That's what Amo called him. I phoned, to say Hi, when I got to Beacon Street. Uncle Dick put me up. Amo said Chub had been tight for three days and rousing up everybody in the middle of the night. When I said Chub had roused *me* up, on Friday, Amo called him a mutt. Only then he was sorry he had. I think he was a bit jealous; you know how Amo flies off sometimes. It's the middle of exams anyway, and he ought to be cramming. But Chub had been pestering him to go out and drink beer all the time, and he'd had to be decent about it. He was fed up and sorry all at once. I said, 'It's different and special, Amo,' and he said he guessed I was right to come, but for heaven's sake to be careful."

"Amo took over where Mam'selle left off," I said laughing. "He looks like a god and acts like a governess. D'he scare you?"

"Yes," she said. "I couldn't think *what* was coming off, anyway, and I wanted to do right by Chub; but I hoped he'd been tight when he called, so he'd forget about the whole thing." She sighed. "If he had, I could have gone to the Pudding dance with the boys. I had my red silk, you know, in case Chub wanted it to be an Occasion." She looked like a Christmas taper in that dress. Emily has "line." Chub must have seemed a bull calf beside her. No taller than she, he is twice as broad, with batwing muscles at the back of his thick neck, a softish mouth, and busy brown eyes. He is the sort of boy whose mildest anecdote is somehow terribly sly and offensive; and he is so elaborate about things: saying May I Present, and lighting cigarettes (with a thing like a gold ingot). And his clothes! All costumes: Country Tweeds, or Impeccable Evening Attire, or Casual Flannels.

"Come on, Em," I said. She was fiddling with a gold link-bracelet that made her wrist look reedy. "You stalling or something?"

She turned her head aside, and the brown hair swung in a bell to mask her cheek. Then she got up and opened the window, letting in a dank wind and the sound of a bus gasping to a stop on Park. It must have been a school bus, perhaps even the Chapin one. I can remember Emily roller-skating, all legs and pigtailed, to meet it at our corner. With a white mouse snug in her pocket.

"Here," she said, still not looking at me, and threw me my bed jacket.

"Spit it out." Her sudden reticence made me apprehensive.

"Betsy!" Her eyes shot wide open, round as blue marbles. "He got *drunk*, and he said, 'You're probably the last white woman I'll ever be this close to.'" Her throat showed a strained V against her pearls.

"Oaf! I understand now," I said. "Em, *dear* . . . tell you what, let's go down and get breakfast, how would that be?"

She laughed shortly. "Oh, relax. You 'understand' too much." She sat down again. "Poor Chub, he *tried* so hard. He came to pick me up at Uncle Dick's, and he said was I braced for a really game evening. He was swanking a little, you know, in his uniform." I visualized a broad, but tensely military, khaki bottom. "Uncle Dick saw how it was, and said to give his regards to Tokyo; and that reminded Chub of some ghastly joke about geishas. So then I had to hurry him out. It was snowy, and awfully cold — you know how Boston gets, sort of godforsaken — and the car had been balky. He said, 'These boats won't start up North,' and dived under the hood; it was that blue Jaguar. So I opened the door for myself, and he was embarrassed at forgetting. There was a great marvelous bunch of orchids on the seat for me, white ones and little pink ones, and he was worried about whether they'd go with my dress."

"He was just trying to snow you."

"Well, no. He wanted to please me, Bets. It was like a puppy bringing you something he'd dug up."

"He's more like a bull than a puppy. That way his hair curls." I was still trying hard to picture Chub as a menace.

"Well, he *was* a bull, at first. He barged into the Ritz ahead of me and said, 'Table for Lieutenant Porter?' and there was a delay. He got very hot under the collar and shoved money in the man's hand, and then he was mad when the champagne wasn't cold enough. So he sent for another bottle, and said, 'Go ahead and drink *that* one' to the waiter, in the sniffiest voice."

"Oh no! Well, what else did he ply you with?"

"Caviar, lots of it, and he ate his like a Dagwood sandwich, all messed up with egg and onion and stuff. He said, 'The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast.' He just gobbled, Bets, and got red in the face and perspired. And he drank champagne with his mouth full," Em said priggishly. "He looked so . . . *primitive*, you know?"

"Sure," I said, picturing that agreeable room, curtained against the sedate Boston evening, peopled with minikin ladies in frippy hats, twittering at impassive pin-striped men. Family parties discreetly banished to the corners, and a general tinkle of blue glass and dove-colored conversation. With Chub in the middle, hunched, gorging, his tunic aching-tight over his shoulders.

"He didn't talk much," she said, "until he was stuffed with beef and winter asparagus and all that, and between courses he made bread pellets, and piled them up in a little cone, and poked at it with a matchstick. He said, 'Eat up, everything's free' and 'Don't you like caviar?' I said, well, I didn't have it very often, and he said, 'What? A

princess like you?' And, when he *was* full, he began telling me about how he'd gone up to Mont Tremblant for part of his leave, and won a maple leaf in a time trial. He kept saying, 'You always skied okay, Em, but it's all a matter of guts. Hell, we only live once.'

"How Hemingway," I said.

"I never read any," said Em. "I know I'd hate bullfights. But if you ever saw Chub ski . . . well, he *must* have been forcing it, that's all."

"Did you run into anybody?"

"No. He insisted on going in the bar and looking around for people. There wasn't anybody we knew there, and he kept saying, 'Times have changed,' and he finally went up and asked the barman if Mr. Standish and his friends ever showed up any more. I reminded him they were cramming, and I told him Amo hardly ever went to the Ritz, but he kept acting as if he didn't hear me. After all, he'd just seen the boys the night before, and he *knew*, but he acted as if they were really just around the corner, somehow. And during dinner, whenever anybody came in, he'd look up, chewing with his mouth open, and staring with those poppy brown eyes. Once he waved, and it turned out to be a perfect stranger."

Emily's eyes were washed out and enormous. I considered dragooning her downstairs to breakfast and family morning-noises. She says thin toast and proper silver are a comfort, after college, and her pet particular honeypot with a bee on it. But she had to talk herself out. "I wish I were a man," she said abruptly. "Just to find out."

"What?"

"If I were brave. And how to feel about things." She gazed out at our drab, familiar view of other people's back windows. Somebody's housemaid opened one, to shake a mop in the watery sunlight. "Well," Emily said, rousing herself. "Anyway. Then we went on the most enormous what he called pub-crawl. Gosh. I think we went to every bar and night club in Boston. Even some of those awful places. You know."

"Yes," I said. "Ugh."

"All full of sailors, and horrid women with those peculiar heels to their stockings. Aren't they funny? I bet they call everybody Baby, and have china kittens with ivy in them. . . . I mean, besides being wicked, of course. Chub drank a lot, and stared, and he saved all his swizzle sticks. He said he was going to collect them on his travels, and did I think that was 'amusing'? In a quite nasty voice."

"He wanted to provoke you."

"Oh? What *for*? How piggish. Anyway, I just said, 'Why no.' And then, Bets, he stood up and threw money on the table, way too much, and said, 'This isn't the sort of place for you, Snow White. Let's go uptown.' So, when we went out, there were a lot of East Bostonish children poking at his Jaguar. I thought he'd be mad, but he said, 'Nice

wagon, huh? Well, kids, break it up, break it up, and we simply *roared* away, the show-off."

"I think that's kind of touching."

"Well, he was nice part of the time. Only, he was talking about when he was still at Harvard, and he was funny and all that—like about when they stole the streetcar, remember? But he said he'd put them up to it, and actually it was Joey's idea. And the time Caleb Perkins charmed the fake snake in the middle of Mass. Avenue? We all heard about it, and I know it was Caleb; but Chub told the story as if he'd done it."

Still trying too hard, I thought. Trying to tailor his shadow. "Did you set him right?"

"Of course," said Em blankly. "And he insisted, and got all upset." She can be pretty obtuse. "So I told him about coming out, when the boys made me a 'tarara' out of paper clips and sent it in a box marked 'Crown Jewels. High Class Mail.'"

"You should have changed the subject."

"I did then, he looked so depressed. I tried asking him what he'd do when he got home from Korea for good. But he hadn't the least idea. He said he couldn't bear to stay down in Oklahoma or wherever it is and be a grubby oilman like his father. *I'd* love it, wouldn't you? So I said, 'What about office work in New York?' and he said there was nothing *real* about cities. But then he asked if I thought Harry's father's firm would take him in. I said I supposed they couldn't tell till after Law School, if he wanted to go, but I was sure he'd make a wonderful lawyer."

"He might at that," I said. "He can be sharp as a tack. Except he's a tanglefoot."

"But he said, 'You know, I'm twenty-three *now*,'" said Emily, forging on, "and he said, 'New York is a damned fraud.' I was *so* sorry then; you have to be awfully low to feel like that. I have, just sometimes. And later on, when we were dancing at one of those roof-places over the Charles, he dragged me over to a window and said, 'Look at that petty little town! Stewing in its own juice.'"

"Poor Chub. What did you say?"

"Well, it was lovely, you know, the lights over in Cambridge, and the snow, and the sky all violet. I said, 'Chub, don't be an old sorehead.' And then he looked as if I'd hit him, and said that was the trouble with him, he'd always been a sorehead with a chip on his shoulder."

"Was he tight by then?"

"Awfully. But I said that was nonsense, Amo and the others liked him because he was so good-humored and obliging. He was, you know, he was always getting stuck with Joey's awful cousin from Goucher. The one who liked square dances."

"Liked him? Well, good for you."

"No. It was all wrong to say. He said, sure, he was their tame dancing bear, he knew it, and so did I, damn it, and that he was only good for providing liquor they couldn't afford."



"Nonsense, they *always* pay back; they hate being obligated."

"That's what I said, and he said, 'Obligated to strangers, you mean.' I couldn't seem to say anything right, and Bets, he *never* stopped talking, even when we were dancing, and he held me so tight I thought my ribs'd crack, and he stepped on my toes, just *staggering* around. And usually, you know, he's so fancy about his dancing — I bet he used to practice walking like an Indian. He breathed down my neck, and he kept saying, 'My God, you're lovely. They get all the lovely women.' I couldn't stand dancing with him, so I'd say, 'Let's sit down and have a real talk, Chub.' Then, when we did sit down, there were those big fat drippy candles on the tables, and he'd pull the wax off in red strips, not looking at me, and say he supposed I was going to marry Amo and live happily ever after, and have my picture in *Vogue* with beautiful children in frilly bloomers. He was very grim. That's not how people propose, is it?" she said, in sudden panic.

"No, no."

"Well, I didn't think so. But he was so wound up it might have been anything. He isn't open the way the others are. Anyway, I just said I wouldn't marry anybody for ages, and if I did, it would probably be a trapeze artist or something."

"How too funny," I said.

"Yes, only it wasn't any help, it made him wince. And he said, 'Well, take your time. You've got plenty of it.' I asked him if Amo and Harry and Joey had given him a nice time on his leave, and he said, oh sure, they'd been absolute 'princes,' got him in on some really game parties."

"I should hope so."

"But he said he couldn't talk to them the way he could to me. It made me feel ashamed. Do you think I was *any* help? Everything just let go," she went on, not waiting for my answer, "and he said, 'I talked to Standish about going to Korea,' and I said, 'Yes.' Then he said, 'And I asked him what *his* philosophy was, about all that, and he wouldn't give. So there I was with my neck stuck out. But I told him, live for the minute when your turn comes, and Standish just laughed, droopy-eyed, the way he can, and said, 'Chub, old man, have a good minute while you're at it!'"

"I said that Amo always made a joke of everything," Emily went on, "it was just his way, especially when it's a hard question to answer. But Chub said I knew, didn't I, he was no straphanger, but a man needed to know who his friends were."

"It *was* pretty flip of Amo."

"I know, Betsy. But I know just how he felt. Chub's such a *clown*. Anyway, I said not to be so silly, that Amo had always been his friend. I lied. And Chub said, 'Standish never took me seriously.' And then his face got the most awful sly look, squinty, and he said, 'Or you either.' I didn't

say anything but I felt pretty funny, so he must have seen something. He said 'Damn!' and rammed his fist into his other hand, and said, 'There I go again, lousing it up. I was kidding, to make you jealous. Just for a joke, damn it.' Of *course* I wasn't jealous, only upset by his being horrid. So I said Phooey, Amo wasn't my property and I wasn't Amo's."

She nodded righteously, and I could see her through Chub's eyes, as she must have been. Rigid in her slim red dress, and flushed with pique. And awfully pretty.

"And then," Emily said, "they closed the place down, and we went out to the car."

"And out by the river?"

"Yes. I asked him *please* to take me home right away. And he said 'Why?' in the most hurt, suspicious voice. So I thought of saying I was tired, or I had a headache, or something, but it didn't seem fair . . ."

"It would have been fairer. I bet."

"Maybe. I don't know. He said, 'I need somebody to talk to, I'm not through yet,' and I asked him to let me drive, because he *was* so tight and you can't monkey with a Jaguar. He looked at me as if he thought I'd play him a trick, and said no. But he did drive out there very slowly."

"Handsome of him."

"Betsy, you just don't understand," she said, mistaking my tone. She sounded tearful, and her mouth was strained. "It wasn't like a fresh boy, get that through your head. It was *awfully* serious."

"I realize," I said. "Sorry."

"Anyway, we went out, near M.I.T., and sat awhile looking at the lights through the snow, and the water going by. He said, 'I used to scull out there, even in this weather. To get fit, have the jump on spring practice.' He never did make Varsity, not even JV. But he always showed up at New London and talked very big. Then he said, 'Well, all things come to an end,' and kissed the palm of my hand. He turned on the lights, and I thought he was going to drive away. All I could feel was relief."

"Don't be ashamed, Em. You did fine."

"Fine, oh sure, but not enough . . . maybe he'll never see that river *again*, Bets," she said shrilly, "but I didn't think of that then. I just wanted to get home. And then he growled 'Oh *hell!*' in the most awful way, and turned off the lights again, and looked at me like something in the zoo, and . . . oh Bets, he's so repulsive! — and I think he knows it, or he would have been, well, nicer somehow . . . but he was ghastly." Her voice was rising still, spun thin. My room was in full sunlight now, glinting from the mirror to the bottles ranged below. Emily's face was whiter than her pearls, her lipstick worn to a pale outline. "I shoved him away . . . unh," she grunted, "like righting a great big chair. With my fists — I had to; and he

cried. I keep thinking how he'll hate himself for good now. A *boy*, crying."

"They do, you know."

"It's so awful, though. And that wasn't the worst. He said, 'What if I get shot?'"

"Oh! Poor horrid Chub!"

"But Betsy, suppose he does? . . . I *am* so ashamed. I said, 'People still have to be decent.' And he said, all worn out, sort of, 'Okay, Snow White. Men are beasts.' I said, 'You're nothing of the kind, and never were, and I feel like a pig, Chub.' I wanted to make it better, somehow. I said what a fine evening it had been, and I said how everybody would miss him until he came back. He didn't pay any attention, he just started driving home. And I wanted to say in Korea he'd be doing the most worth-while thing a man could, but I couldn't say it. I don't believe it, do you?"

"Ye-e-es. Not in my bones, though."

"I keep thinking of next year, and Amo and

Harry and Joey. And how decent they'll be. All for nothing . . . anyway, I said I'd write him, if he liked. But he said not to bother. He said, 'You're a nice girl, Emily.' And that was all he *would* say." She was crying, perfectly quietly, sitting like a doll propped on a cotillion chair, her ankles primly crossed. Her face was blank and relaxed, while a thin stream of tears poured down either cheek. Her voice was not even thickened by her weeping. I have never seen Emily in such utter distress. "I'm sorry," she said.

"Em, *don't!*" It sounded so feeble. "He wasn't a friend of yours, and he behaved very badly indeed."

"I guess so. And I guess I was a very nice girl. And nobody could have helped him." She blew her nose. "And maybe he was stupid to ask me to. Why did he, Bets? What did he want?"

"Things you couldn't give him," I said. "A shadow, to leave behind."



## TO THOREAU ON REREADING "WALDEN"

by ISABELLA GARDNER

"I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle-dove."

"There too, as everywhere, I some-times expected the visitor who never comes."

Your passion was ever plural, apart  
from that one twig ("the twig") you never found.  
Herds of birds and fishes, stars in droves  
received your taut and tender gaze  
but gills beaks planets can't reciprocate  
and gratefully you prayed their praise.  
You loved the faces in the fire, Thoreau,  
the goldgreen pickerel, the huddling snow.  
I too love these, and O love you, fierceheart,  
and yet were you, like Lazarus, to rise,  
you would look everywhere but in my eyes.  
You'd hear the loud spring ice the greening ground,  
but not the caller knocking at your gate  
nor the nickering in your maple groves  
nor the howling for home of the hound.  
You did not listen to the turtle-dove  
(singular bird) sing on your lintel: LOVE  
And now no visitor will come to crowd  
your peace. You have dried safely in your shroud.



E. E. CUMMINGS, the American poet and painter who holds the Charles Eliot Norton Chair at Harvard for the current year, began his first talk by saying: "Let me cordially warn you, at the opening of these so-called lectures, that I haven't the remotest intention of posing as a lecturer. Lecturing is presumably a form of teaching; and presumably a teacher is somebody who knows. I never did, and still don't, know. What has always fascinated me is not teaching, but learning; and I assure you that if the acceptance of a Charles Eliot Norton professorship hadn't rapidly entangled itself with the expectation of learning a very great deal, I should now be somewhere else." Mr. Cummings's six nonlectures are appearing in book form this autumn with the title *i*, under the imprint of the Harvard University Press.

## *i* & self-discovery

by E. E. CUMMINGS

IN THE course of my first nonlecture, I affirmed that — for me — personality is a mystery; that mysteries alone are significant; and that love is the mystery-of-mysteries who creates them all. During my second outspokenness, I contrasted the collective behaviour of unchildren with the mystery of individuality; and gave (or attempted to give) you one particular child's earliest glimpse of a mystery called nature. Now I shall try to communicate — clumsily, no doubt, but honestly — certain attitudes and reactions surrounding the mystery of transition from which emerged a poet and painter named E. E. Cummings.

As it was my miraculous fortune to have a true father and a true mother, and a home which the truth of their love made joyous, so — in reaching outward from this love and this joy — I was marvellously lucky to touch and seize a rising and striving world; a reckless world, filled with the curiosity of life herself; a vivid and violent world welcoming every challenge; a world worth hating and adoring and fighting and forgiving; in brief, a world which was a world. This inwardly immortal world of my adolescence recoils to its very roots whenever, nowadays, I see people who've been endowed with legs crawling on their chins after quote security unquote. "Security?" I marvel to myself "what is that? Something negative, undead, suspicious and suspecting; an avarice and an avoidance; a self-surrendering meanness of withdrawal; a numerable complacency and an innumerable cowardice. Who would be 'secure'? Every and any slave. No free spirit ever dreamed of 'security' — or, if he did, he laughed; and lived to shame his dream. No whole sinless sinful sleeping waking breathing human

creature ever was (or could be) bought by, and sold for, 'security'. How monstrous and how feeble seems some unworld which would rather have its too than eat its cake!"

Jehova buried, Satan dead,  
do fearers worship Much & Quick;  
badness not being felt as bad,  
itself thinks goodness what is meek;  
obey says toc, submit says tic,  
Eternity's a Five Year Plan:  
if Joy with Pain shall hang in hock  
who dares to call himself a man?

For the benefit of any heretical members of my audience who do not regard manhood as a barbarous myth propagated by sinister powers envisaging the subjugation of womankind, let me (at this point) cheerfully risk a pair of perhaps not boring anecdotes.

Back in the days of dog-eat-dog — my first anecdote begins — there lived a playboy; whose father could easily have owned the original superscraper-de-luxe: a self-styled Cathedral of Commerce, endowed with every impetus to relaxation; not excluding ultraelevators which (on the laudable assumption that even machinery occasionally makes mistakes) were regularly tested. Testing an ultra-elevator meant that its car was brought clean up, deprived of safety devices, and dropped. As the car hurtled downward, a column of air confined by the elevator shaft became more and more compressed; until (assuming that nothing untoward happened) it broke the car's fall completely — or so I was told by somebody who should know. At any rate, young Mr. X was in the habit not only of attending these



salubrious ceremonies, but of entering each about-to-be-dropped car, and of dropping with it as far and as long as the laws of a preEinsteinian universe permitted. Eventually, of course, somebody who shouldn't know telephoned a newspaper; which sent a reporter: who (after scarcely believing his senses) asked the transcender of Adam point-blank why he fell so often. Our playful protagonist shrugged his well-tailored shoulders — "for fun" he said simply; adding (in a strictly confidential undertone) "and it's wonderful for a hangover."

Here, I feel, we have the male American stance of my adolescence; or (if you prefer) the adolescent American male stance of what some wit once nicely named a "lost generation": whereof — let me hastily append — the present speaker considers himself no worthy specimen. My point, however, isn't that many of us were even slightly heroic; and is that few of us declined a gamble. I don't think we enjoyed courting disaster. I do feel we liked being born.

And now let me give you my second anecdote: which concerns (appropriately enough) not a single human being whose name I forget, but a millionaire mish-mash termed The Public.

Rather recently — in New York City — an old college chum, whom I hadn't beheld for decades, appeared out of nowhere to tell me he was through with civilization. It seems that ever since Harvard he'd been making (despite all sorts of panics and panaceas) big money as an advertising writer; and this remarkable feat unutterably depressed him. After profound meditation, he concluded that America, and the world which she increasingly dominated, couldn't really be as bad as she and it looked through an advertising writer's eyes; and he promptly determined to seek another view — a larger view; in fact, the largest view obtainable. Bent on obtaining this largest obtainable view of America and America's world, my logical expal wangled an appointment with a subsubeditor of a magazine (if magazine it may be called) possessing the largest circulation on earth: a periodical whose each emanation appears simultaneously in almost every existing human language. Our intrepid explorer then straightened his tie, took six deep breaths, cleared his throat, swam right up, presented his credentials, and was politely requested to sit down. He sat down. "Now listen" the subsubeditor suggested "if you're thinking of working with us, you'd better know The Three Rules." "And what" my friend cheerfully inquired "are The Three Rules?" "The Three Rules" explained his mentor "are: first, eight to eighty; second, anybody can do it; and third, makes you feel better." "I don't quite understand" my friend confessed. "Perfectly simple" his interlocutor assured him. "Our first Rule means that every article we publish must appeal to anybody, man woman or child, between the ages of eight and eighty years — is

that clear?" My friend said it was indeed clear. "Second" his enlightener continued "every article we publish must convince any reader of the article that he or she could do whatever was done by the person about whom the article was written. Suppose (for instance) you were writing about Lindbergh, who had just flown the Atlantic ocean for the first time in history with nothing but unlimited nerve and a couple of chicken (or ham was it?) sandwiches — do you follow me?" "I'm ahead of you" my friend murmured. "Remembering Rule number two" the subsub went on "you'd impress upon your readers' minds, over and over again, the fact that (after all) there wouldn't have been anything extraordinary about Lindbergh if he hadn't been just a human being like every single one of them. See?" "I see" said my friend grimly. "Third" the subsub intoned "we'll imagine you're describing a record-breaking Chinese flood — millions of poor unfortunate men and women and little children and helpless babies drowning and drowned; millions more perishing of slow starvation; suffering inconceivable, untold agonies, and so forth — well, any reader of this article must feel definitely and distinctly better, when she or he finishes the article, than when he or she began it." "Sounds a trifle difficult" my friend hazarded. "Don't be silly" the oracle admonished. "All you've got to do, when you're through with your horrors, is to close by saying: but (thanks to an all-merciful Providence) we Americans, with our high standard of living and our Christian ideals, will never be subjected to such inhuman conditions; as long as the Stars And Stripes triumphantly float over one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all — get me?" "I get you" said my disillusioned friend. "Good bye."

So ends the second anecdote. You may believe it or not, as you wish. As far as I'm concerned, it's the unbelievable — but also unquestionable — self-portrait of a one hundred and one percent pseudoworld: in which truth has become televisionary, in which goodness means not hurting people, and in which beauty is shoppe. Just (or unjust) how any species of authentic individualism could stem from such a collective quagmire, I don't — as always — know; but here are four lines of a poem which didn't:

(While you and i have lips and voices which  
are for kissing and to sing with  
who cares if some oneeyed son of a bitch  
invents an instrument to measure Spring with?

As regards my own self-finding, I have to thank first of all that institution whose initial I flaunted unknowingly during my very earliest days. Officially, Harvard presented me with a smattering of languages and sciences; with a glimpse of Homer, a more than glimpse of Aeschylus Sophocles Euripides and Aristophanes, and a deep glance at

Dante and Shakespeare. Unofficially, she gave me my first taste of independence: and the truest friends any man will ever enjoy. The taste of independence came during my senior year, when I was so lucky as to receive a room by myself in the Yard — for living in the Yard was then an honour, not a compulsion; and this honour very properly reserved itself for seniors, who might conceivably appreciate it. Hitherto I had ostensibly lived at home; which meant that intimate contacts with the surrounding world were somewhat perilous. Now I could roam that surrounding world sans peur, if not sans reproche: and I lost no time in doing so. A town called Boston, thus observed, impressed my unsophisticated spirit as the mecca of all human endeavors — and be it added that, in this remote era, Boston had her points. Well do I recall how our far from hero (backed by the most physically imposing of his acquaintances) dared a stifling dump near Howard Street, denominated Mother Shannon's; and how we stopped short, to avoid treading on several spreadeagled sailors; and how my backer, with irreproachable nonchalance, exchanged a brace of dollar bills for two tumblers of something even viler than honest Jack Delaney served during soi-disant prohibition; and finally how, having merely sampled our nonbeverages, we successfully attained Scollay Square — to be greeted by the dispassionate drone of a pintsize pimp, conspicuously stationed on the populous sidewalk under a blaze of movie bulbs and openly advertising two kinds of love for twenty-five cents each. Moreover that distant Boston comprized such authentic incarnations of genius as Bernhardt, whose each intonation propitiated demons and angels; Pavlova, who danced a ditty called Nix On The Glowworm into the most absolute piece of aristocracy since Ming; and a lady of parts (around whose waist any man's hand immediately dreamed it could go three times) named Polaire. Those were the days (and nights) of The Turkey Trot and The Bunny Hug; of Everybody's Doing It, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly, There's A Little Bit Of Bad In Every Good Little Girl, On The Banks Of The Saskatchewan, and Here Comes My Daddy Now (O Pop, O Pop, O Pop, O Pop). Nothing could exceed the artistry of Washington Street bartenders, who positively enjoyed constructing impeccable Pousse-Cafés in the midst of Ward Eights and Hop Toads; nor could anything approach the courtesy of Woodcock waiters, who never obeyed any ring but your own and always knocked twice before entering. I am further indebted to Boston town for making me acquainted (and in no uncertain manner) with the sinister splendors of censorship. One evening, The Old Howard would be As Is; the next, you guessed you were embracing a funeral. When Miss Gertrude Hoffman brought her lissome self and her willowy girls to Boston, they and she were violently im-

mersed in wrist-and ankle-length underwear. A local tobacconist drew jail for selling a box of cigars adorned with the usual gauzily apparelled but unmistakably symbolic females; and vainly did an outraged lawyer object that his client was happily married. Meanwhile, watching-and-warding Mr. Sumner's matchless collection of indecent items constituted a favorite topic of conversation with high and low alike. But if the predations of puritanism astonished me nearly forty years ago, I was recently more than amazed to learn that you cannot now show a woman's entire breast in any American moviehouse unless she isn't (to coin a plagiarism) white. Verily, democracy unquote is a strange disease: nor (I submit) can any human being help sympathizing, in his or her heart of hearts, with the bad bald poet who sings

come(all you mischief-  
hatchers hatch  
mischief)all you

guilty  
scamper(you bastards throw dynamite)  
let knowings magic  
with bright credos each divisible fool)

(life imitate gossip fear unlife  
mean  
-ness,and  
to succeed in not  
dying)

Is will still occur:birds disappear  
becomingly:a thunderbolt compose poems  
not because harm symmetry  
earthquakes starfish(but  
because nobody  
can sell the Moon to The)moon

Let us now consider friendship.

Through Harvard, I met Scofield Thayer; and at Harvard, Sibley Watson — two men who subsequently transformed a dogooding periodical called The Dial into a first-rate magazine of the fine arts; and together fought the eternal fight of selfhood against mobism, the immortal battle of beauty against ugliness. It would not even slightly surprise me to learn that most of you have remained, till now, quite unaware of the existence of these literally heroic individuals and of their actually unparalleled achievement. Never have I seen courage and courtesy, taste and intelligence, prodigious patience and incredible generosity, quite so jealously mistrusted or so basely misprized or so savagely detested as by The Dial's detractors. Even today, more than twenty years after this true and noble adventure's culmination, the adventurers' chastisement continues — through such a conspiracy of silence on the part of America's intellectual gangsters as would be ludicrous if it were not abominable; nor will that

chastisement begin to diminish while general good outflanks minute particulars and spiritual treachery is the order of the unday.

At Harvard (moreover) I met Stewart Mitchell, who soon became editor-in-chief of our university's only serious undergraduate magazine — *The Monthly* — and was subsequently managing editor of *The Dial*; John Dos Passos, through whose devoted efforts a dangerous compilation known as *Eight Harvard Poets* appeared; and S Foster Damon, who opened my eyes and ears not merely to Domenico Theotocopuli and William Blake, but to all ultra (at that moment) modern music and poetry and painting. Nor can or do I forget Theodore Miller; who gladly brought me such treasures as the exquisite

lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque  
et quantumst hominum venustiorum

of Catullus; the sublime

labuntur anni; nec pietas moram  
rugis et instanti senectae  
adferet, indomitaeque morti

of Horace; and Sappho's magically luminous invocation

poikilothron', athanat' Aphrodita

but the token of whose most memorable kindness was a volume combining poems and letters by that glorious human being who confessed

I am certain of nothing but of the  
holiness of the Heart's affections,  
and the truth of Imagination.

Whereupon — deep in those heights of psychic sky which had greeted my boyish escape from moralism — an unknown and unknowable bird began singing.

After Harvard, I thank (for self-discovery) a phenomenon and a miracle. The phenomenon was a telemicroscopic chimaera, born of the satanic rape of matter by mind; a phallic female phantasm, clothed in thunderous anonymity and adorned with colossally floating spiderwebs of traffic; a stark irresistibly stupendous newness, mercifully harboring among its pitilessly premeditated spontaneities immemorial races and nations

by god i want above fourteenth

fifth's deep purring biceps, the mystic screech  
of Broadway, the trivial stink of rich

frail firm assinine life  
(i pant

for what's below, the singer. Wall, i want  
the perpendicular lips the insane teeth  
the vertical grin

give me the Square in spring,  
the little barbarous Greenwich perfumed fake

and most, the futile fooling labyrinth  
where noisy colours stroll . . . and the Baboon

sniggering insipidities while, i sit, sipping  
singular anisettes as. One opaque  
big girl jiggles thickly hips to the canoun

but Hassan chuckles seeing the Greeks breathe)

in New York I also breathed: and as if for the first time.

The truly first of first times was (however) still to come. It arrived with a so-called war. Being neither warrior nor conscientious objector, saint nor hero, I embarked for France as an ambulance driver. And as my earliest taste of independence had been excelled by the banquet which I later sampled among Manhattan's skyscrapers, so was that banquet surpassed by the freedom which I now tasted:

Paris, this April sunset completely utters  
utters serenely silently a cathedral

before whose upward lean magnificent face  
the streets turn young with rain¹

two realms, elsewhere innately hostile, here cordially coexisted — each (by its very distinctness) intensifying the other — nor could I possibly have imagined either a loveliness so fearlessly of the moment or so nobly beautiful a timelessness. Three thousand oceanic miles away and some terrestrial years before, a son of New England had observed those realms bitterly struggling for dominion: then, as a guest of verticality, our impuritan had attended the overwhelming triumph of the temporal realm. Now, I participated in an actual marriage of material with immaterial things; I celebrated an immediate reconciling of spirit and flesh, forever and now, heaven and earth. Paris was for me precisely and complexly this homogeneous duality: this accepting transcendence; this living and dying more than death or life. Whereas — by the very act of becoming its improbably gigantic self — New York had reduced mankind to a tribe of pygmies, Paris (in each shape and gesture and avenue and cranny of her being) was continuously expressing the human-

¹ "come (all you mischief—" and lines from  
"Jehova buried, Satan Dead"

"voices to voices, lip to lip"

"Paris, this April sunset completely utters"

from *Collected Poems* copyright, 1925, 1935, by E. E. Cummings; copyright, 1926, by Horace Liveright.

"by god i want above fourteenth" from *XLI Poems* copyright, 1925, 1951, by E. E. Cummings.



ness of humanity. Everywhere I sensed a miraculous presence, not of mere children and women and men, but of living human beings; and the fact that I could scarcely understand their language seemed irrelevant, since the truth of our momentarily mutual aliveness created an imperishable communion. While (at the hating touch of some madness called *La Guerre*) a once rising and striving world toppled into withering hideously smithereens, love rose in my heart like a sun and beauty blossomed in my life like a star. Now, finally and first, I was myself: a temporal citizen of eternity; one with all human beings born and unborn.

Thus through an alma mater whose scholastic bounty appeared the smallest of her blessings — and by way of those even more munificent institutions of learning, New York and Paris — our ignoramus reaches his supreme indebtedness. Last but not most, I thank for my self-finding certain beautiful givers of illimitable gladness

whose any mystery makes every man's  
flesh put space on; and his mind take off time

and so we turn to poetry.

At the end of my preceding nonlecture, I read you five poems celebrating spring. Tonight I shall try to read you five poems in celebration of love. The first and second of these poems, by Dante and by Shakespeare, are sonnets (for me the greatest sonnets which exist). How anyone could say anything about the third poem, a lyric by Robert Burns, I don't know. The fourth poem — appropriately enough a big and long one — is called *To His Mistress Going To Bed*; and John Donne wrote it. Finally comes my favorite love poem: *Unter Der Linden*, by the early German poet Walther Von Der Vogelweide.

* * *

Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare  
La donna mia, quand' ella altrui saluta,  
Ch' ogne lingua deven tremando muta,  
E li occhi no l' ardiscon di guardare.

Ella si va, sentendosi laudare,  
Benignamente d'umiltà vestuta;  
E par che sia una cosa venuta  
Da cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.

Móstrasi si piacente a chi la mira,  
Che dà per li occhi una dolcezza al core,  
Ch' ntender no la può chi no la prova.

E par che della sua labbia si mova  
Un spirito soave pien d'amore,  
Che va dicendo all' anima: sospira.

* * *

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
Which looks on tempests and is never shaken,  
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

* * *

O my luvie is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my luvie is like the melody,  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
So deep in luvie am I;  
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will luvie thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luvie!  
And fare-thee-weel a while!  
And I will come again, my luvie,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

* * *

Come Madam come, all rest my powers defie,  
Until I labour, I in labour lie.  
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,  
Is tir'd with standing though he never fight.  
Off with that girdle, like heavens zone glittering,  
But a far fairer world encompassing.  
Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,  
That th' eyes of busie fooles may be stopt there.  
Unlace your self, for that harmonious chyme,  
Tells me from you that now it is bed time.  
Off with that happy busk, which I envie,  
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.  
Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,  
As when from flowery meads th' Hills shadow steals.  
Off with that wyerie Coronet and shew  
The haiery Diademe which on you doth grow:  
Now off with those shoes, and then safely tread  
In this loves hallow'd temple, this soft bed.  
In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be  
Receaved by men; Thou Angel bringst with thee  
A heaven like Mahomets Paradise; and though  
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know  
By this these Angels from an evil sprite,  
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.

## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

Licence my roaving hands, and let them go  
 Before, behind, between, above, below.  
 O my America! My new-found-land,  
 My kingdom, safeliest when with one man man'd  
 My Myne of precious stones, My Emperie,  
 How blest am I in this discovering thee!  
 To enter in these bonds, is to be free;  
 Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.

Full nakedness! All joyes are due to thee!  
 As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be,  
 To taste whole joyes. Gems which you women use  
 Are like Atlanta's balls, cast in men's views,  
 That when a fools eye lighteth on a Gem,  
 His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.  
 Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made  
 For laymen, are all women thus array'd;  
 Themselves are mystick books, which only wee  
 (Whom their imputed grace will dignifie)  
 Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;  
 As liberally, as to a Midwife, shew  
 Thy self: cast all, yea, this white linnen hence,  
 There is no pennance due to innocence.

To teach thee, I am naked first; why then  
 What needst thou have more covering than a man.

* * *

Unter der linden  
 an her heide,  
 dâ unser zweier bette was.  
 dâ muget ir vinden  
 schône beide  
 gebrochen bluomen unde gras.  
 vor dem walde in einem tal,  
 tandaradei,  
 schône sanc diu nahtegal.

Ich kam gegangen  
 zuo der ouwe:  
 dô was min friedel komen ê.  
 dâ wart ich empfangen  
 "hêre frouwe!" —  
 daz ich bin saelic, icmer mê.  
 kuster mich? wol tûsentstunt:  
 tandaradei,  
 seht wie rôr mir ist der munt.

Dô het er gemachet  
 alsô riche  
 von bluomen eine bettestat.  
 des wirt noch gelachet  
 innecliche,  
 kumt iemen an daz selbe pfat.  
 bî den rôsen er wol mac,  
 tandaradei,  
 merken wâ mirz houbet lac.

Daz er bî mir laege,  
 wessez iemen  
 (nu enwelle got!), sô schamt ich mich.  
 wes er mit mir pflaege,  
 niemer niemen  
 bevinde daz, wan er und ich,  
 und ein kleinez vogellîn:  
 tandaradei  
 daz mac wol getriuwe sîn.



*Teacher and educational administrator, FREDERIC ERNST has devoted himself to public education ever since he graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1902. A lifelong admirer of John Dewey, he has observed the beneficial results of Mr. Dewey's ideas upon teachers and pupils, and today as Deputy Superintendent of the New York Public Schools he points to the changes in the curriculum for which Dewey was responsible.*

## HOW DANGEROUS IS JOHN DEWEY?

by FREDERIC ERNST

### I

**I**N RECENT years our public schools have been criticized so frequently and in so many places that their defenders may be justified in believing that, in part at least, these criticisms are a concerted, planned attack on public education. Though the charges have been frequent, they have not been numerous. One that recurs constantly is that the schools do not teach the fundamental subjects. Another is that their discipline is so lax that they may be blamed for an increase in juvenile delinquency. A third accusation calls our public schools "godless." It is important to note that these three accusations are traditional. About one hundred years ago the same charges were leveled at the public schools of Massachusetts, which were then being reorganized under the leadership of Horace Mann.

Other charges are recent. They reflect the animosities of current political controversies. The commonest of these are that our public schools teach American history improperly or not at all and that they frequently use textbooks that are subversive in their influence. It would seem that the teachers and administrators of our schools have been more excited about these charges than have the parents. Only in a very few instances have these criticisms brought about radical changes in school procedures, and then only when there were other factors in the local situation that did not involve educational issues. A fresh line of attack was needed if the campaign against the "new education" was to succeed. Accordingly, a new strategy has been planned. It carefully refrains from repeating the stock indictments. Instead, it devotes its attention to John Dewey, whose writings on education have profoundly influenced teachers and administrators the country over. Albert Lynd warns parents in his article in the April *Atlantic*, "Who Wants Progressive Education?" that they must study Dewey's basic

philosophic beliefs. Only then will they really understand what evil influences are at work in our modern classrooms. The dangerous ideas are then listed: there are no eternal truths; there is no mind or soul in the traditional sense of these words; Dewey advocated pragmatism.

Mr. Lynd challenges the followers of John Dewey to engage in a forthright effort to enlighten the parents of his town and other communities on "the blessings of instrumentalism," which is another of Dewey's dangerous theories. It is highly improbable that any of the disciples will accept the challenge. It is certain that no substantial group of parents would care to take a course in instrumentalism. Appropriately enough, since Dewey is the problem, when it comes to evaluating the schools to which their children go, the parents take a pragmatic point of view whether they know it or not. If the children are making satisfactory progress in their studies, if they are happy, and if they are developing some social and ethical standards, the parents are content. The parents will be satisfied if the "new education" works.

Mr. Lynd raises another question, which he states in a way that gives the impression that he has hit upon some sort of conspiracy. He wonders who decided that Dewey's should be the guiding influence with public school educators when there are so many different and competing philosophies. As a matter of fact, Dewey, more than any other of our distinguished philosophers, devoted himself to a criticism of the schools as he found them some fifty years ago, and in his numerous educational writings supplied our educators with the pedagogical principles on which to build a new primary and secondary education.

Mr. Lynd admits that there is very little in Dewey's educational writings about the basic philosophic theories he regards as so dangerous. He does not seem to know that educators for



whom Dewey's philosophic theories are anathema find no difficulty in accepting and using many of Dewey's ideas on school organization, pedagogical methods, and the reform of the curriculum. In an article on John Dewey published in the September, 1951, issue of the *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, the author, Father O'Rourke, after criticizing and rejecting the same philosophic theories of Dewey's against which Mr. Lynd warns parents, says, "Surely we can admit that Dewey has made many valuable contributions to American Education," and indicates some of these contributions. He then adds: "It is our policy to make our own the good features of any system. Such is our policy with regard to Dewey's theories of education."

Though Dewey exerted a far greater influence on the development of our public schools than did any other writer, his was not the only influence. Dewey himself credited Colonel Francis W. Parker, the principal of the Cook County Normal School in Illinois, with being the father of progressive education. Montessori and other progressives organized experimental schools in Europe. The testing and measurements movement here in America exerted a wide influence; and during the last two decades Freud has had numerous disciples among the leaders in American education.

There is no doubt that among American philosophers Dewey stands first in his influence on educational theory and educational practice. Josiah Royce is not generally associated with any educational movement, nor is George Santayana. William James's contributions are to be found in one or two of his books, particularly in his *Talks to Teachers*, which is still useful and interesting to the studious teacher. For Dewey, however, education was a primary concern and he expounded his educational philosophy in numerous books and articles, the first of which appeared more than fifty years ago. *The Child and the Curriculum*, *How We Think*, *Democracy and Education*, *Human Nature and Conduct*, are read more widely today than they were at the time of their publication and are studied by an ever-growing body of laymen interested in public education as a civic problem.

Education was a primary concern for Dewey because for him philosophy was not just something for the books. Its primary purpose was to guide and inspire people to develop to the utmost their potentialities as individuals and as members of society. He believed that the fullest human development was possible only in a democratic society, and he regarded democracy not merely as a form of government, but as a continually developing way of living together. He believed further that the possibilities of a democratic environment could not be realized unless the schools were a reflection of that environment and unless their methods were based on the principle that the

school is an organized form of democratic living.

This point of view can best be illustrated by quoting briefly something that Dewey wrote just fifty years ago in criticism of the place of the teacher in the schools of that time. He wrote: "If there is a single public school system in the United States where there is official and constitutional provision made for submitting questions of methods, of discipline, and teaching, and the questions of the curriculum, textbooks, etc., to the discussion and decision of those actually engaged in the work of teaching, that fact has escaped my notice." It is just a partial measure of Dewey's profound influence on our schools that the very practices which were totally absent when he first wrote are now standard procedure in our public schools the country over. For him, a school could function adequately in a democracy only if pupils and teachers alike were individuals whose personalities were expanding through associated participation in their daily activities.

Most of Dewey's fundamental educational principles were so radical that at first they were rejected and in many instances derided. In the course of a few decades they became the accepted guiding principles for our schools. Dewey cleared the ground with his relentless criticism of current practices. He gained adherents by his persuasive exposition of psychological principles and his identification of the objectives of education with those of a developing democratic society. No doubt the social and economic changes that occurred during the period when he advanced his theories led gradually to their acceptance. There was a steady increase in economic security. Hours of labor decreased. The relations of labor and management improved. An increased leisure made possible the play of more humane impulses. It is a proof of Dewey's greatness as a philosopher that his educational and social theories anticipated and contributed to the gradual development of our democratic way of life.

## 2

SO MUCH of what Dewey advocated is now taken for granted that an account of present practices would merely present the commonplace. But it may be useful and interesting to parents of school children to discuss some of the major psychological and social theories advanced by Dewey and now realized in our classrooms. Furthermore, it may allay the fears of any parents who are disturbed by warnings about Dewey's vicious philosophic theories.

Basic to his whole scheme of things is the doctrine of interest, first expounded technically in his famous essay, "Interest As Related to Will." Briefly, the theory is that education must be based on the child's developing instinctive interests.

Those interests are the starting point. The educational environment must in the first place give them play; it must develop them and guide them. Where educational procedures are not based on the child's interests, what the school succeeds in doing is cultivating "divided attention." Dewey pointed out that the child's interests will inevitably find play; and if the school does not give them this opportunity, the school will have to be satisfied with just a slight part of the child's attention. The best part of him, his real self, will seek expression in daydreaming, if need be, or in a more or less active rebellion against a confining environment.

Since the child's instinctive interests call for activity, the school must supply the activity that will enlist the child's entire attention. There must be games, there must be play, and these activities in turn require participation of the child in group action which teaches him to adjust to other children. Hence the importance of the occupations and vocations in the school curriculum. The school garden not only affords an opportunity for healthy exercise and for growing vegetables: depending on the maturity of the pupil, it can be the starting point for a number of closely related subjects. The weather, the fertility of the soil, marketing, social customs, are just a few of the possibilities inherent in this situation. The school shop, the domestic science room, the chemistry and physics laboratories, if not rigidly organized to meet a limited number of specific objectives, can all be used as centers for expanding interests leading to social insights.

Remember that this organization of subject matter was at first denounced as based on "soft pedagogy." If children are to be merely interested, what becomes of work which they must learn to do? Yet, in spite of the fact that Dewey's writings proved irrefutably that interest and work are not mutually exclusive; in spite of the fact that he proved that the most systematic and consecutive work that children and adults do is based either on a direct or mediated interest, the criticisms continued for all too many years. Dewey's thoughts on the organization of the school curriculum led him to propound the difference between what he called a logical and psychological organization of subject matter, the psychological organization being based on the child's interests and experiences. The experience is not just passive reception but active experience. The logical organization is for the specialist engaged in adding to a body of knowledge.

Today the intelligent layman visiting a classroom in a good school can easily note the difference between the merely physical aspects of an activity and the wealth of meanings that can be developed on the basis of that activity. The activities become the centers for the assimilation of information. Just contrast information thus ob-

tained with information handed out in paragraphs to be memorized.

Geography and history are subjects that have been transformed by Dewey's influence. Before Dewey, their chief objective seemed to be to develop competent performers on an "Information Please" program. The pupil who couldn't rattle off the capitals of every state in the Union and the rivers on which some of these capitals are located was looked down upon by his fellow students as a hopeless laggard. For one student of the old school, all that remains is the startling bit of information that Montpelier is on the Winooski. The names of all the presidents with the dates of their terms was a standard assignment; and writing this patriotic sequence fifty times after school hours was a natural punishment, calculated to discourage disturbing influences in the classroom. Many a pupil ten or twelve years old was introduced to the study of geography with the information that "the earth is an oblate spheroid." The two studies were separate subjects, interrelated only when such interrelation could hardly be avoided. It is, of course, true that many facts were learned and many of these facts are important even though the learner was probably unaware of their significance. The dictum that history is geography on the march may be only partially true, but it did point the way toward the close integration of these two subjects. Geography and history are concerned with nature and man and, as Dewey pointed out, give "background and outlook and intellectual perspective to what might otherwise be narrow personal actions or mere forms of technical skill." The change in point of view began when Dewey pointed out that the ultimate significance of mountains and valleys, lakes and streams, is social and when he insisted that though history deals with the past it is the history of the present.

### 3

THINK, children, think." This futile admonition is now happily relegated to signs that decorate office walls to the annoyance of the clerical and sales force. But not too many decades ago it echoed through most of our classrooms. Inevitably, the response of the pupils only added to the teacher's discouragement because it usually amounted to nothing more than the pupils' frowning heavily to prove to the teacher that they were doing their best to comply.

The publication of Dewey's *How We Think* not only showed our teachers the utter uselessness of their exhortation but explained just what the thinking process amounts to, when it takes place, and how they can provoke it. Briefly, Dewey made it plain that thinking takes place when the individual is puzzled, when he must make a choice, or when he faces a problem.

Dewey's analysis of the thinking process served our teachers well in formulating simple, sensible methods of organizing their subject matter. And here again Dewey eliminated from the teacher's thinking the traditional dualism of method and subject matter. In the older books on pedagogy, method was one thing, a series of steps; subject matter was another. Dewey's definition that method is the organization of subject matter removed much of the artificial and complicated development lessons that our teachers were compelled to devise, and supplanted them with natural procedures that brought a thoughtful atmosphere into the classrooms of even the younger children. *How We Think*, a primer on logical theory, has had inestimable influence.

Dewey's relentless criticism of educational methods current forty or fifty years ago and his insistence on basing education on the child's instinctive interests and impulses resulted in unfortunate misinterpretations by the advanced thinkers who were competing among themselves in their efforts to get furthest away from the traditional situation. It is, of course, a fact that much of what called itself progressive education was just a travesty of what Dewey intended. It was due to his intervention that the perverters of the progressive movement, at first limited almost entirely to private schools, were set straight as to just what progressive education could and should be. Dewey made plain that while control of child activity by teacher fiat was wasteful and unproductive, this did not mean that there was to be no control. He pointed out that not every experience was educative and that it was the teacher's function to supply a stimulating environment in which truly educational controls and directions were inherent.

Teachers soon realized that a program based on Dewey's educational theories made demands on them far in excess of those required by the older program with its characteristic routines and formal drills. Lesson plans could no longer be used from term to term and from year to year. The curriculum was flexible. It changed with circumstances and the characteristics of the pupils, but it changed under the teacher's thoughtful guidance and moved in directions carefully selected to bring about consecutive developments in the child's experiences and habits.

There is an important area of American education in which Dewey's influence has been systematically resisted. This is the field of vocational education. Yet it is in this very field that Dewey's fundamental educational principles should find their most fruitful applications. Basic to his whole educational scheme of things is the elimination of the dualisms, practical versus cultural, vocational versus intellectual. In vain did he point out that these dualisms had their origin and perhaps partial justification in social and economic

situations that for a long time have been merely a matter of history.

In a culture in which the laborers' activities were routine and only those with leisure could become educated, the dominant classes looked down on manual work as something degrading and unintellectual. Yet, in this era, when even people who live in limited circumstances are surrounded by the applications of science, we have too many school systems in which the organization of the schools continues the contrast between the academic and the vocational. Yes, at a relatively early age, as early as fourteen or fifteen, students are expected to make a choice. Students are required to select a vocational or an academic course or school. The defenders of this scheme of things will point out with pride that in all these vocational schools and courses the liberal studies are not neglected. The fact remains that the vocational is isolated — totally isolated — from what is liberal and intellectual, with the result that too much of the vocational becomes routine. Even if the differentiation between the two types of schools has some justification in the later high school years when students' interests have had time to develop, requiring them to choose at fourteen and fifteen when their aptitudes are just beginning to show themselves is educational malpractice. Much remains to be done in this area before Dewey's principles dominate an educational situation on which they could exert their most beneficial influence.

In these days of international crisis those who attempt to undermine Dewey's influence on our educational practices are rendering a grave disservice to the national program of mobilizing to the limit the resources of a democratic society. The contrasting ideologies of the forces that now confront each other are known to all. Added insight into this contrast may be derived from the recall of Dewey's episodic appearance on the Russian revolutionary scene. In the early years of the Communist regime, Lenin invited Dewey to come to Russia to present his educational theories. Under Lenin's guidance, the Russian educational reformers put into effect many of his recommendations. At the very beginning of the Stalin regime, every educational practice that bore the slightest sign of Dewey's influence was eliminated. Communist fascism would not tolerate a single democratic influence. Propaganda, indoctrination, drill, routine, chorus chanting, became the orthodox methodology, reinforced by the pupil informer, who reported the slightest deviation by the non-conforming teacher.

Let us beware of this when we hear that fascism is more efficient than the democratic process. On Dewey's educational principles we can base our faith that our schools can develop for any emergency the potentialities of the oncoming generation.





*A graduate of Yale and the University of Virginia Law School, JAMES ELIOT CROSS served in Europe with the OSS during the war and there he had extensive experience in the planning and support of resistance activities. He has maintained his interest in the potentialities of underground movements and the problems of resistance within totalitarian states. Since then he has worked for the government and last year was on the staff of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. Mr. Cross is now a Research Associate at the M.I.T. Center for International Studies.*

## IS LIBERATION POSSIBLE?

by JAMES ELIOT CROSS

### 1

IN an article published shortly after the announcement of Stalin's fatal illness, Walter Lippmann pointed up clearly the immense difficulties that must accompany a transfer of power under the Russian system of government. Inevitably an effective succession will be a hard and lengthy business, presenting a harsh test to a system which was never designed to absorb this type of strain.

The tensions and pressures of the succession period will be particularly evident in the relations of Soviet Russia to her satellite states. The slightest slackening of the imperial grasp will have enormous significance for these unhappy colonies, and the effects of any confusion or conflict at the center of the system will be vastly magnified at the outer fringes.

This lends a new importance to the current discussions in this country on the liberation of the captive countries. Liberation is now an avowed and major objective of American foreign policy. It was referred to by Republican spokesmen before the election, and Secretary of State Dulles has made it clear that he has not forgotten the promises of the campaign. He has reiterated his belief that the Iron Curtain can be pushed back without violence or war, and stated that those who doubt the efficacy of moral pressures and propaganda "just do not know what they are talking about." Speaking by recording to the General Assembly of the National Council of Churches in Denver he said: —

Dynamism can find proper expression only in moral and spiritual terms. . . . No Iron Curtain of the Despots, no cringing policies of the fearful, can prevent moral and spiritual forces from penetrating into the minds and souls of those under the ruthless control of the Soviet Communist structure.

These last are, of course, sentiments which no free man would deny.

A number of the leaders of the new Administration, therefore, feel that Soviet authority in the satellite states can be seriously shaken and possibly destroyed by internal liberation movements, and that such movements can be assisted by this country without resulting in a general war. How violent such movements may be is in the realm of speculation; the gist is that the victims of Soviet rule can achieve freedom by measures which they themselves initiate.

In all the discussion, little distinction has been made between the two forms of liberation involved. The first is liberation from Soviet control that will follow either the defection of the present puppet government from the Soviet orbit or its overthrow by Communists defiant of Moscow's authority. The other is liberation from Communism itself. This can be accomplished only if the country escapes from the bloc and sets up a non-Communist government.

The concept generally accepted in America today seems to be that after a successful liberation movement the Russians will depart, taking with them Communism and all its works, while a regime more considerate of human life and dignity arises to take their place. It is historically consistent that we think in this way. We gained our national freedom and our statehood only at the end of a long and bitter liberation movement; and with the convenient exception of the American Indian, we have always sympathized with peoples fighting alien intrusion and occupation.

To this must be added the fact that as the strains and costs of world leadership are borne in on us, we tend to look about for political and military assets somewhat more eagerly than used to be the

case. The lessons of World War II reaffirmed the long-known fact that suppressing resistance movements is an expensive and trying business. The Communists are again demonstrating the truth of this in Southeast Asia, to the distress of our allies in that part of the world. Under these circumstances the line of reasoning is obvious. Operations that now hurt us can hurt the Communists if directed against them, and their unhappy satellite holdings seem to be a promising spot to turn the tables and to wage irregular war on our terms.

## 2

By definition a liberation movement, as distinct from a resistance movement, must lead to the absolute removal of the enemy and not merely the disruption of his system of control in the area. A resistance movement may be successful if it increases the enemy's difficulties in conducting his occupation and to some extent deprives him of the fruits of his initial victory. Resistance activities can keep the soul of an occupied people alive and are costly and demoralizing for the occupier to cope with, but they are not bound to seek a clear-cut decision, while a liberation movement must achieve just that.

There are few, if any, examples in modern history of liberation movements succeeding against an occupying power that is capable of bringing force to bear against the revolt and willing to do so. This last is an important qualification. The Sinn Fein operations in Ireland from 1918 up to the treaty in 1921 nearly nullified British control in that country, but a major factor in the final result was the general disapproval in Britain of the methods adopted by the police and the military in combating the uprising. The government was naturally reluctant to continue an operation so unpopular, both with the electorate at home and with the world at large.

We faced a similar problem when the Philippine Insurrection broke out in 1899. The guerrillas had no outside support, but the nature of the operation required of the American Army to suppress them made the whole business so disliked at home that it became an issue in the next year's presidential election. Aguinaldo, the Philippine leader, could not succeed in the field, but a section of American public opinion came close to gaining his victory for him. All manner of committees and associations were created to protest the Administration's policies. Mr. Dooley quite fairly described our government as an "indulgent parent kneelin' on th' stomach of his adopted child, while a dillygation fr'm Boston bastes him with an umbrella."

In both cases the chances for successful liberation were greatly improved by external influences. Note, however, that these influences could only

operate against an occupying government subject to the pressures of public opinion. The situation differs radically where a liberation effort seeks the overthrow of a totalitarian regime which has no regard for domestic opinion and little enough for foreign views. Such a state is free to throw its full coercive power into the suppression of the uprising. Naked force is the instrument. Throughout history this has been the immediate reaction of the authoritarian mentality. Charlemagne is reputed to have executed 4500 Saxons in a single retributive measure; Goya left eloquent testimony to Napoleon's reactions to resistance in Spain; and the blood of Lidice is still fresh in the world's memory.

Brute force can be cloaked in many disguises, including the various forms of quisling and puppet governments. But always in the background are the reality of the physical power of the occupiers and the certainty that it will be ruthlessly applied if things do not go according to instructions.

The power of the occupying authoritarian state is not limited to mere military saturation. It supplements the military arm with a number of equally effective coercive instruments. The most obvious is a system of secret police. There are few people in America who have a true conception of how stifling and paralyzing this instrument can be when mercilessly used. Its unlimited authority to arrest and punish creates a situation of terror which in itself is a highly effective weapon. *Agents provocateurs*, planted to prey on the eager and unwary, networks of informers placed throughout the population, the use of friend against friend and of child against parent, are all common techniques. They are not intended solely to rout out enemies of the state; they also tear down the bases of trust and confidence between individuals. Without trust, conspiracy and even normal human communication become impossible.

The endlessly repetitious propaganda that the totalitarian state pours out upon its subjects may carry conviction to a portion of them. The rest do not believe, but the ceaseless pounding tends to produce a political exhaustion and apathy which well serves the purposes of the regime. Some victims develop a protective numbness — a very different thing from the spirit of revolt.

The economic power of the Communist state is another strong suppressive instrument. As a matter of policy the material independence of the individual is destroyed, and wealth exists only as a prerogative of official position or approval. The citizen holds no assets of his own and is constantly aware that his very survival depends on his continuing in the good graces of the state. Positive resistance thus becomes appallingly difficult, both from a physical and a psychological point of view.

The potential resister or liberator in a country under occupation by the U.S.S.R. finds that all

power and all means of achieving power have been drawn into Russian hands. Limited or token powers are, of course, meted out to trusted or controlled representatives, the leaders of the nominally independent national Communist parties. Events in Poland and Czechoslovakia have shown how little true authority is delegated.

## 3

How then can liberation come to an occupied area except in the course of a general war?

First, the occupying power may decide that the satellite is simply not worth the difficulty of holding and administering it. The geographic location may decide this; or the inherent instability and lack of potential of the area may make the whole venture appear unprofitable. The Romans in Britain apparently made this decision when they relinquished the Scottish conquests of Agricola and set the permanent frontier at Hadrian's Wall. Something like this might occur today with Albania, but that situation is probably unique. The other satellites have direct land contact with the U.S.S.R. The Red Army is close by, and the dangers resulting from the loss of any one of them to influences outside of the Communist bloc would be so great and so immediately evident that Russia would make every effort to prevent the loss.

Second, there may be a sharp decline of power at the heart of the occupying state. War or cleavages within the system may so weaken the government that it can no longer control the empire that it earlier subjugated. Rebellious moves within the occupied areas then become possible, and finally the occupier may be expelled. The wars of liberation in the South American countries provide reasonably good examples of this situation. Spain, racked and weary from the Napoleonic occupation, was then torn with internal political rivalries. Her forces in the New World naturally reflected these conditions, and as trouble developed they were unable to look for adequate help from home. The revolutionary movements which a few generations before would have been quickly suppressed proved too powerful to be contained.

If symptoms of a comparable weakness are ever observed in a Soviet satellite that Russia seriously wishes to retain, they will indicate trouble somewhere much nearer the true seat of power. World attention will probably pass over the goings on in the satellite. All eyes will be on Moscow and the disintegration of the power structure that has permitted such a situation to arise.

A third way in which a satellite might break away from the Soviet complex is by a Tito-type revolt. This is not a strictly accurate term, for the Russians never wrested full control of Yugoslavia from Tito, and he remained master in his own house to an extent that no other satellite leader

has found possible. However, if the U.S.S.R. ever should permit sufficient actual control of the machinery of power to center in a supposedly puppet government, that government might well attempt to escape from her irksome and, for the leaders, downright dangerous rule. It is also possible that a puppet regime might split within itself, with dissatisfied elements seeking to seize power and to swing the country over to the West. If the move is to succeed, the leaders must have a reliable hold on the army and the police. Furthermore, they must have an economy that will not crumble when its tie with that of the Soviet bloc is broken off. Tito just got by on the last count, and his position is still far from happy. Nevertheless, he succeeded. The army and the police were his personal creations from the wartime days, and there was a sufficiently large nationalist Communist party to give him the necessary political backing. Thus, while his move was an audacious one, he had a grasp on the elements of power that he needed both to rule and to protect him from his own former rulers.

Tito's very success makes it unlikely that the Russians will ever permit their other minions the degree of self-sufficiency needed to make such a move practicable. If a similar break is attempted, the Russian reaction doubtless will be far sharper and heavier than in 1948.

The possibility of Titoist separations presents a complicated variation to the double-barreled American hope for liberation from both Russian domination and the curse of Communism. The appearance of any further truly independent national Communist states would seriously weaken Russia's political and military position. The psychological effect on world-wide Communist unity would be drastic, and major objectives of U.S. policy would be furthered. The hitch is, of course, that this would not provide liberation in the individual sense of which we instinctively think. The people would still live under a Communist regime, and their leaders, shaky and uncertain in their new-found independence, would be highly reluctant to weaken the instruments of control through which they have been accustomed to rule. So long as these instruments are in existence, the citizen is still far from achieving what we Americans conceive to be personal freedom.

Therefore, if another satellite regime or elements within it attempt a break, we must make a far-reaching policy decision. A national defection today will have little chance of success without prompt and massive aid from the West. The scale of assistance required cannot be foreseen, for it will depend on the scale of the Russian effort to recapture the truant. Will we accept the great danger of war and give our aid? Will we later live with the fugitive state, whose methods of government are probably antithetical to our own? Or



will we hold out for the abolition of Communism and all its works?

The fourth form a liberation movement can conceivably take is that of internal non-Communist conspiracy and revolt. Insurrections of this sort face tremendous difficulties. They must start from scratch, undermine or overwhelm the national Communist elements, and then hold off the Soviets. There can be only one attempt. Effective leadership for an anti-Communist movement must come from a small percentage of the population, and if that group is dissipated and the rest of the population disillusioned, this generation is not likely to see a similar effort.

A movement of this sort obviously will need support from the outside to counterbalance the power of the state. The amount of help required and the danger of war involved will again depend on the Soviet reaction. It can be argued that such a liberation movement will be a purely domestic effort, and that Western support can be delivered on a secret basis, but unfortunately this is not so. The scale of support needed to ensure success against determined opposition must be such that pretenses of secrecy and neutrality will be even less convincing than the present contention of the Chinese that their men in Korea are informal volunteers. The realities of the situation will be evident throughout. The supporting state will have to accept the risks of general war that accompany open participation.

It is of no immediate import to the leaders of a Communist police state that they and their policies are cordially hated by a majority of their subjects. The system is designed to operate without voluntary support and to absorb stresses set up by popular disaffection. Resentment and despair may be widespread, foreign anti-Communist propaganda may be loud and persuasive, but the regime remains secure so long as the discontent is denied effective expression. Popular resistance against a Communist regime, if undertaken without the means of pushing through to liberation, may cause the Russians some difficulty and expense, but it will probably prove fatal to the irreplaceable patriots who attempt it. This last is unfortunately true regardless of whether the resistance is essentially passive or involves outright guerrilla war. Any anti-Communist word or move is an act against the state. The secret police mentality is not concerned with comparatives in crimes and punishments.

If the United States encourages and supports a liberation movement we shall, in effect, be presenting the U.S.S.R. with an ultimatum. Either the

Russians relinquish the satellite in question or we will make it untenable for them. The heart of the strategy must be the assumption on our part that the Soviet leaders will choose to let the region go rather than fight a major war to retain it. This is the calculated risk on which rest all plans for furthering liberation, violent or otherwise.

If the risk of such actions appears to be prohibitive for the near future, it does not follow that we cannot reach out to the enslaved peoples who share, a thousand times intensified, our own desire for their liberation. We dispose far-reaching radio outlets. More important, messages of deep appeal still travel the mysterious grapevines that form the basic communications channels of all peoples under all conditions.

We can emphasize to them that our conception of our own interest now embraces their future in a way never envisaged at Versailles and Yalta. The peoples of the satellites are acutely aware of their perilous position between East and West. Tides of Teutonic or Russian ascendancy have swept over them for centuries, and this generation has been overwhelmed by both in turn. Thus for them the removal of their present masters is but a first and incomplete objective; the opportunity to achieve regional integrity and security within the framework of a renewed Europe is the true goal. A realization that the U.S. has an acknowledged and permanent interest in maintaining a stable Europe will go far to stimulate political thought and to preserve the vision of freedom in these areas. The survival of that vision is essential, for no future governments can arise without it. For the present we can do few things that will contribute more to this than to present our positions and policies in terms that are understandable to the people we seek to aid. Here we must remember that we speak as a temporal power. We must not confuse our political standards and policy objectives with religious ideals in which the Soviet's victims may find fulfillment through understanding, acknowledgment, and even martyrdom. "Freedom," as T. E. Lawrence expressed it, "is a pleasure only to be tasted by a man alive."

We would be poor students of history if we forgot the tyrannies of the past that have collapsed or been brought down in ruins. While strengthening and documenting our conviction in the ultimate triumph over Soviet totalitarianism, it is vitally important that we be guided by sober judgment of fact and not let our native optimism get the better of us. We may all too easily lead ourselves to anticipate events and our friends to attempt the impossible.



tinguished as a Boston lawyer, an associate editor of *Fortune*, Librarian of Congress, Assistant Secretary of State, Deputy Chairman of our first delegation to UNESCO, and now as the Boylston Professor at Harvard. In quiet intervals between he has published some fifteen volumes of verse. We turn to JOHN CIARDI — poet, teacher, and editor — for an appraisal of Mr. MacLeish's *Collected Poems*, in recognition of which he received a Bollingen Prize and the National Book Award in Poetry for 1952.

## THE POETRY OF ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

by JOHN CIARDI

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH at sixty-one has compiled a rare total of successful careers, but the true career uniting all his public courses has been as spokesman for the American Dream. Thomas Jefferson has had no truer and no more admirable son.

The extent to which MacLeish has carried his public concern and his role as liberal spokesman into poetry has often made him a center of controversy, and all the more so in that MacLeish himself, while often practicing poetry as public speech, has recorded some of the most moving poetic statements in favor of the essential privacy of poetry. Thus in his "Ars Poetica" (1925) he wrote: —

A poem should be equal to:  
Not true.

For all the history of grief  
An empty doorway and a maple leaf.

For love  
The leaning grasses and two lights above the sea —

A poem should not mean  
But be.

Yet within a few years of this poem MacLeish had taken up his advocacy of poetry as Public Speech.

What we have therefore in the *Collected Poems 1917-1952* (Houghton Mifflin) is a body of poetry divided between two opposite theories of poetic responsibility. Should the poem "mean" or "be"? Should it arrive at perception or at a message? Should it explore the enduring and ever-personal emotions of individual sensation and individual loss, or should it accept the challenge of specific political assignment?

Speaking as one reader, I believe that MacLeish has written a number of lyrics — at least an irreducible half-dozen among which I would include

"The Silent Slain," "You, Andrew Marvell," "The End of the World," "L'an Trentiesme de mon Eage," the "Ars Poetica," and much more recently "What Riddle Asked the Sphinx" — which must certainly endure as long as poetry is read and the cadences of American and English speech are valued.

This, of course, is the real accomplishment and all further considerations are relatively small indeed. But if my appraisal is sound, it must certainly be significant to the theory of poetry as Public Speech, that none of these successes are "message" poems. Rather, they are all poems of the most intensely personal feeling whose central subject is the sense of the passage of one man's life under the shadow of a mindless eternity which moves on to the obliteration of the individual.

And here face downward in the sun  
To feel how swift how secretly  
The shadow of the night comes on . . .

The failures on the other hand are overwhelmingly in the poems of public statement. "The Spanish Lie," "The Young Dead Soldiers," and "Brave New World," for example (all from *Actfive*, published in 1948), are forthright orations on political causes, and about as disastrous as poems can be. They seem not to be sprung from the poet's being, but rather to be pushed from his sense of duty. Nothing in them compels and intoxicates in those suprarational ways that inform the finally successful poem.

A poet must, of course, be judged by his best, and especially so when the best is as compelling as are MacLeish's successes. It is in fact only as one realizes the nature of those successes that he can realize the nature of the failures.

MacLeish's first poetic accomplishment was the capture of the rhythmic line that emerged beyond juvenilia and the Eliot influence in *Streets in the*







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# THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



## THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY  
EDWARD  
WEEKS

WHEN I was a boy growing up on the New Jersey coast in a gang known as The Booze Beers (sheer boast, the beer we drank was Root Beer), we had a saying which, like twelve-year-olds now or then, we all used on provocation: "Great Day in the Morning!" To us it celebrated the utmost of anticipation. The Dunns were giving a marshmallow roast with hot dogs and corn on the cob, or you were asked to go on a weekend cruise to Barnegat Inlet on Commodore Cattus's big yawl — and out it came: "Great Day in the Morning!"

The best that happens has a fresh taste at that age, and as one looks back, so much seems to have been caught and fixed in the early morning light. I used to go down to the beach before breakfast looking for moonstones when the tide was low. The pebbled walk on East Street was still damp with the dew, the morning-glories and sweet peas on the trellis at the south side of the cottage were moist and fresh, and the ocean as you squinted at it from the boardwalk was so alive with sun points that it hurt your eyes. I remember the early morning at the Fish Pound when the boats were just in from the nets and when you could buy a good blue or bonito for 25 cents, and those other dawns when you were cruising down the Bay and were awakened by the gentle lap, lap, lap of the waves against the hull; it was still gray and the dew was so cold on the deck that you shivered in your birthday suit and took your plunge. And later as you clambered in over the stern, Mario was heating the coffee, and eggs fried in bacon fat were coming up — Great Day in the Morning!

Even now when I am in the mid-fifties and city-bound, the same restlessness arouses me early, and as spring approaches I feel the same desire for the fresh sights and sounds on a bright morning. The birds tip me off — a flight of duck seen over the Esplanade or the grackles chattering in the budding

beech as I come home through the Public Garden. We get the car out and drive down country to open the cottage, and there we hear the chickadee calling; the jay has recaptured his bugle note, and the whitethroat makes much of his "Peabody, Peabody, Peabody." Come May and the mother robin has begun once more and defiantly to build her house above the screen door of our guesthouse, and in those first May mornings one is conscious of being awakened before sunrise by the clamor of the warblers and orioles before one drifts back to sleep again.

As the summer advances, I go out for the Great Day with a fly rod, fishing the valley of the Battenkill before the sun has touched the water and feeling through my waders and woolens the sheer cold of the stream. At Dam Camp on the Northwest Miramichi, I have been roused by the waterfall as early as 3.30 and, finding it impossible to go back to sleep, have dressed and gone down to sit on the big boulder high above the Home Pool. The morning mists were like a fog bank close to the surface, and as they dispersed I went to call Howard and, with his eyes to guide me, let my line torpedo out at a length and in a current where only the salmon could hook himself. So often in the north woods the early risers will detect the deer, and in that changing light no Kodachrome could catch the true color of the green grass and those russet saddles of the buck and two does which we spotted on the riverbank just as the sun's finger fell on them.

Emerson, whose one hundred and fiftieth anniversary we celebrate this May, has this to say about my Great Day in the Morning. In his essay on Nature he writes: "The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The anciently-reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles. . . . How easily we might walk onward into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures and by thoughts fast succeeding each other, until by degrees the recollection of home was crowded out of the mind, all memory obliterated by the tyranny of the present, and we were led in triumph by nature."

### Education and size

On my last visit to Ohio State University I had a talk with the head of the English Department,

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Professor James Fullington, who is an old friend of mine; and in the course of our conversation we looked ahead to the 1960s when the present crop of GI children who are now approaching high school age will be in college, and when, if expectations are fulfilled, a big state university like Ohio State will probably number as many as 25,000 undergraduates. "How in the world," I asked, "do you teach English A to a Freshman class of 7500? How many section instructors will you need?"

This problem of size is creating more and more strain on our system of public education, and nowhere is this more true than in our high schools, which are overcrowded today and which, unless we take precautions, will be bursting at the seams in less than a decade.

It seems to me that **James Bryant Conant** has faced us up to an educational emergency in his concise and courageous short book, *Education and Liberty* (Harvard University Press, \$3.00). This is an attempt to compare the secondary education which has flourished in the United States for one hundred and twenty-five years, following the reforms of Horace Mann, with that which exists to a much less general extent in England, Scotland, Australia, and New Zealand. His inquiry is based upon the realization that "in the United States, less than a third of the boys and girls 16 to 17 years of age are *not* attending school," whereas "in the four British countries, less than a third of the same age group *are* attending school." It is based upon the irrefutable fact that as the result of the increase in our birth rate since the war, "fifteen years from now there will be 65 per cent more youths of college age than at the present time." There is size for you — and how in the world are we going to distribute this new huge load in our schools and colleges?

President Conant believes that our public schools have played a dominant role in maintaining the nature and cohesion of our democracy. He believes that they must be strengthened and not weakened in the face of these new demands; he believes that they must have a larger, not a smaller, share of the tax dollar. He says to the universities and colleges, "Stop wringing your hands and complaining about the poor preparation of the students from secondary schools; rather, lend a hand to those in charge of these schools and those teaching in them and in so doing learn something of their problems."

He recommends a ten-point program to cope with the necessary expansion, and I must say I find it an exciting one. He suggests that we make a two-year college course (following the regular high school course) more "fashionable"; he suggests that we create "a climate of opinion in which the length of the education beyond eighteen is *not* considered the hallmark of its respectability"; he suggests the expansion of our junior and senior high schools to meet the new bulge in enrollments.

Dr. Conant has been bitterly attacked for his attitude toward the parochial and independent schools, but, as this book makes clear, he at no time advocates the suppression of private schools; rather he says that we must not be "indifferent to their expansion" — at the expense of the public schools. If most independent schools are running on a deficit, as is currently the case, and if the clamor continues for Federal aid to bail them out, and Congress votes it, what will this mean to the strength which for the good of the community we owe primarily to our public schools? When as much as 40 per cent of the school population are attending parochial and private schools, as they are today in Boston, what does this portend in terms of taxes and of democratic elements withheld from our high schools of tomorrow? These are questions which every conscientious citizen must answer.

#### Farmer at bay

**Robert Henriques**, a friend of General Wingate and an organizer of commandos in World War II, is the author of *No Arms, No Armour*, which won the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, and *Too Little Love*, which was awarded the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for 1950. Today he raises cattle on a 170-acre farm in England and there he does his writing with the sweep and lyrical beauty of a Masfield.

In his new work, *A Stranger Here* (Viking, \$3.75), a novel of contemporary England, Mr. Henriques tells the story of two men who are brought together in antagonistic intimacy. Will Bowar, the protagonist, is a successful and ambitious farmer, the owner of a farming combine of some nine thousand acres, and still desirous of more. Will is a giant well over six feet, with broad shoulders that always make it seem as if he were stooping. He dominates every man who works for him, and although he is now fifty-seven, he refuses to slow down, and combats every encroachment of age. Will does not at first realize that his domain is being invaded by a London speculator, George Sirrier, who has turned gentleman farmer and who is determined that his son Christopher, an erotic, alcoholic survivor of a Japanese prison camp, shall find the balm he needs in the Bowar country. In the antagonism between these two men it is Will Bowar, the oak, who proves to be vulnerable.

Will is vulnerable on several counts. The love for his wife, Lucy, has turned to ashes, and in this age-old quandary, he becomes infatuated with a woman much younger than he is. He has antagonized his only son, Robin, whom he has dragooned into farming when the boy should have been encouraged to go on with his music. He has infuriated and then sacked his ablest young superintendent. Without these loyalties and in des-

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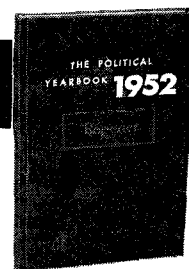


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perate loneliness Will drives himself to the losing point. This is not a comfortable story, nor everyone's dish, for Will Bowar is brought low as much by his uncontrollable greed as by the chemistry of age. His love for Grace is never as plausible as his love of land, and the seduction of his son Robin by Christopher is not a pretty sight. But the timeless beauty of the English farms and the pity stirred by a big man sorely tried and at bay will make this for close readers a redeeming and memorable performance.

### Willa Cather

To those who love books, there is one category of which we shall never have enough. I mean those books, usually in the form of biography, which show us the education, the development, the table talk, and the literary discipline of a major author. This year we are fortunate in having two about Miss Willa Cather: the extended, detailed critical biography by E. K. Brown, which I shall discuss next month, and a more personal record, *Willa Cather Living*, by Edith Lewis (Knopf, \$3.00). Miss Lewis met Willa Cather in 1903, and their acquaintance, which began in Nebraska, ripened in New York, where Miss Lewis proofread and edited Miss Cather's articles on Christian Science — her first assignment for S. S. McClure — as she was to read the copy and proofs of all her subsequent books. They shared the same apartment, and their inseparable friendship lives on in the clear amber of this short and fascinating account.

I cherish most the description of Miss Cather's girlhood in Virginia and of her painful uprooting at the age of nine when she and the younger children were transported to the limitless plains of Nebraska. Not until the family had settled down at Red Cloud two years later did Willa Cather ever go to school. She read and reread the English classics (*Pilgrim's Progress* eight times in the course of one winter), and she learned to read Latin under the direction of her two grandmothers. But there was another and more extended education which she was receiving from the thinly settled countryside in her visits to the Bohemians, the Danes, and the Norwegians with whom she rode and played and whose harvests and failures became so much a part of her own concern. I am interested in everything Miss Lewis tells me about the teachers with whom Miss Cather worked at Red Cloud and at the State University; of how she herself taught and wrote in the hard penury of Pittsburgh; of her editorial services under S. S. McClure; of how she turned away from the studio to write of Virginia and Nebraska; of her most influential meeting with Sarah Orne Jewett; and of how she turned to Alfred Knopf, the brilliant but unestablished publisher. These are bright pages which send me back with fresh understanding and appetite to the rereading of Miss Cather's novels,

## BOOKS

### *The Editors Like*

#### Biography

**MARY LINCOLN** by *Ruth Painter Randall*. (Little, Brown, \$5.75.) Mary Todd Lincoln, pursued by slander and tragedy in her lifetime and persecuted by historians since, has waited a long time for justice. It's a pleasure to report that Mrs. Randall's defense is successful as well as sympathetic.

**THE HONEST RAINMAKER** by *A. J. Liebling*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) True or not (and one has doubts), the reminiscences of Colonel Stingo, a journalist moderately occupied in covering horse races, are a comical farrago of wit, wisdom, and piracy.

**THE BUFFALO WALLOW** by *Charles Tenney Jackson*. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00.) Mr. Jackson grew up in Nebraska in the eighties with nothing but good food and unlimited elbowroom, and his memories of his frontier boyhood will fill all but the most cynical readers with envy.

#### Fiction

**FEVER OF LOVE** by *Rosamond Harcourt-Smith*. (Longmans, Green, \$3.00.) This is a clever, frankly trivial affair in which the British gentry swap wives and husbands in a flurry of bright conversation, all to no purpose but amusement.

**COTILLION** by *Georgette Heyer*. (Putnam, \$3.50.) A resourceful heroine, dodging the matrimonial offers of a stuffy parson and a batty peer, stirs up a great pother in Regency London. Miss Heyer is an artist at these historical meringues.

**NINE DAYS TO MUKALLA** by *Frederic Prokosch*. (Viking, \$3.00.) Four Europeans travel dangerously to nowhere through what the author calls Arabia, although this shimmering world, seething with color and full of enchanting bilingual natives, can hardly exist outside a poet's imagination.

**A KING RELUCTANT** by *Vaughan Wilkins*. (Macmillan, \$3.50.) Mr. Wilkins's theory of the fate of the lost Dauphin begins with an improbable balloon, holds a fast pace through sundry exciting misadventures, and ends with an improbable French invasion of Wales which is, of all things, fact.

#### Power and Politics

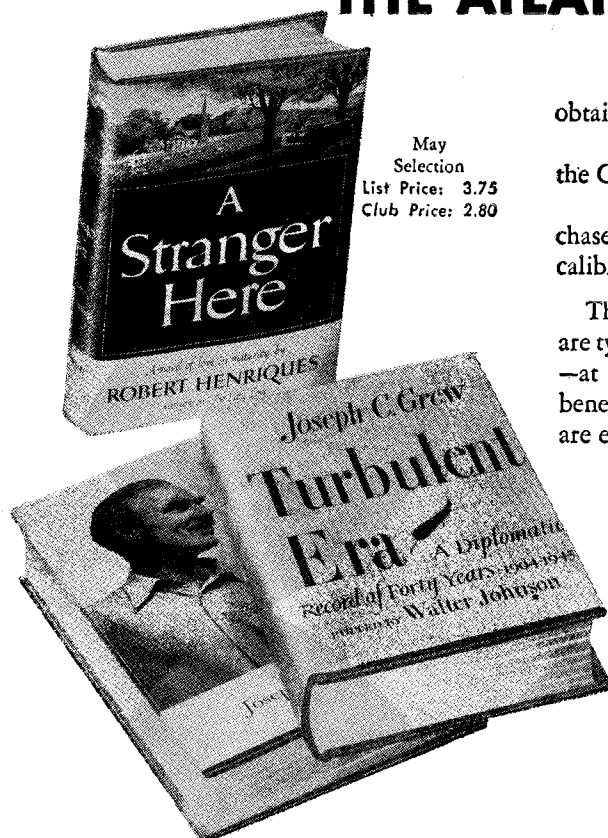
**OUT OF RED CHINA** by *Liu Shaw-Tong*. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown, \$4.00.) An involuntary Chinese Communist describes the operations of the party, a vast, brutal, erratic bureaucracy, in venomous detail.

**I JOINED THE RUSSIANS** by *Count Heinrich von Einsiedel*. (Yale University Press, \$4.00.) Bismarck's grandson, captured at Stalingrad, joined the anti-Hitler German officers organized by the Russians. His account of his conversion to Communism and eventual deconversion is thorough, sometimes funny, and perhaps more revealing than he knows.

**FOREIGN POLICY WITHOUT FEAR** by *Vera Micheles Dean*. (McGraw-Hill, \$3.75.) Mrs. Dean surveys the failures and successes of recent U.S. foreign policy and offers some levelheaded suggestions for correcting the first and increasing the second. Her arguments are lucid, dispassionate, and convincing.



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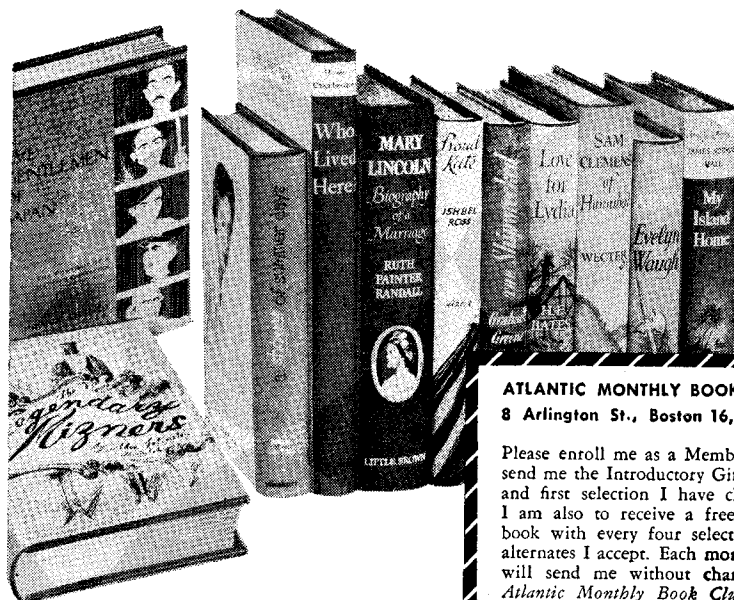
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*Reader's  
Choice*

BY

PHOEBE ADAMS

*Far from the Customary Skies* (Random House, \$3.75) by Warren Eyster is a first novel, a war novel, and good on both counts. Mr. Eyster served in the Navy, and writes of men aboard a destroyer with no intention beyond recording their reactions and adjustments to each other, the ship, and the sea.

The book begins with a training cruise on which the green hands are rattled by the loss of two practice torpedoes ("After all," says the captain reasonably, "in battle we won't chase torpedoes and put them back on the deck"), works through two years of action in the Pacific, a short, violent visit to California, and ends with the battle in which the *Dreher* goes down.

The men range from the professional Malone, a bad hat but a fine bos'n, down to Poge Bait, incapable of tying knots and therefore hopeless. Most of them are good temporary sailors, rugged individuals who refuse to be altered by the Navy. Pollock remains an inspired impresario and liar. Oklahoma continues to think like a farmer. Ham, the over-conscientious intellectual, never gets the weight of the world off his back. A bad painter swears off art, and a man with a grievance takes to the bottle, but both these things could have happened ashore. Mr. Eyster has no truck with the theory that war obliterates or distorts human personality.

With no plot and no individual hero, the book is held together by Mr. Eyster's ability to make every character and incident count. He does it with consistent skill. The battles are full of tension, a storm claws at the reader's nerves as it does at the crew's, and the midnight expedition in the whaleboat, with Malone and Ross quarreling over the wisdom of swimming in shark territory to cut loose a row of Japanese range markers, is a masterpiece of suspense.

*Charles J. Rolo is now in Europe on an editorial mission for the Atlantic. Until his return his column will be entrusted to Phoebe Lou Adams of the Atlantic staff.*

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These are the big scenes, where the author has plenty of material to stir up excitement. It's remarkable that there are no dead spots between them. The eternal poker games never lose their vitality. Mr. Eyster can make Oklahoma's tirade on the uselessness of dictionaries positively absorbing.

Aside from his ability to evoke particular men in a specific setting, Mr. Eyster is notable for a resilient, widely sympathetic point of view. He likes sailors, officers, ships, the Navy, and the sea, in spite of their various defects, and while he cordially dislikes war, he bears it no romantic grudge. He has the sharp, uncensorious reporter's eye, which gives to all of *Far from the Customary Skies* an exceptional persuasiveness and immediacy.

#### The wrong road

Richard Wright's new novel, *The Outsider* (Harper, \$3.95), is his first since *Native Son*, published thirteen years ago, and his first book of any kind since his autobiography came out in 1945. If anyone wonders how a writer manages to keep out of print for eight years, the answer is clear in *The Outsider*. Mr. Wright has been meditating, or rather brooding, on mankind and Western civilization. He doesn't see much hope for either of them.

Mr. Wright's conclusions on the nature of humanity and the future of society run piecemeal through his novel, involving a good deal of repetition and ramification. In simplified terms, he holds that science and industrial society, by destroying the restraining power of traditional religion, give men of sufficient courage the opportunity to feel, and act, as gods — that is to say, with complete moral irresponsibility. Since Mr. Wright also holds that man is a chronically terrified animal, and the condition of self-elected divinity is fearlessness, he does not foresee a world full of acting gods. The number of men capable of facing life entirely out of spiritual context will always be small and Mr. Wright believes that their activities will be directed either to the control of a totalitarian rank and file, well doped with noble-sounding slogans, or to the gratification of random impulse.

Understandably alarmed by his own reflections, Mr. Wright has undertaken in *The Outsider* to display what might be called ultimate twen-

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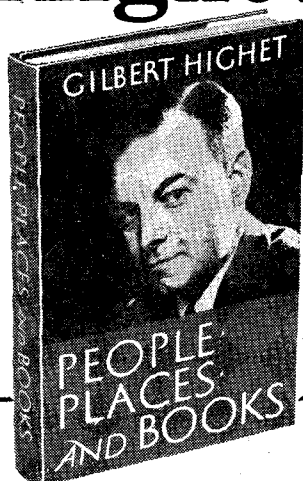
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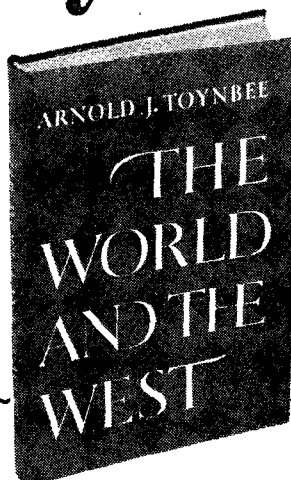


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tieth-century man in action. Cross Damon is an outsider in every sense of the word. As a Negro he is outside the majority pattern of American life; as a shrewd, self-centered cynic, he is outside the claims of family and friendship; as a casual atheist, he is outside the morality demanded, if not enforced, by religion. When a subway crash gives him the chance to be officially dead, he takes it, and gets outside even his own identity. There are no strings on Cross. Without being aware of his own state of mind, he descends on New York like a tiger on a new stretch of jungle.

There he becomes entangled with the other type of outsider, the men whose absolute freedom of conscience has focused on power over other men. They are, naturally, Communists, and the party has a hard time with Cross, suffering anxiety and the loss of several valuable members before getting the upper hand.

Cross is no gallant crusader against Communism. He refuses to accept systems, and Communism happens to be the system in his way at the moment. If Cross is a better man than his Communist victims, it is in a very slight degree. He comes to realize that godhood is uncomfortable and impractical. "Tell them not to come down this road" is his final comment on his career of impersonation, arson, and murder. Since the only other road Mr. Wright acknowledges is that of totalitarian politics, *The Outsider* may be fairly described as a pessimistic novel.

It is also a very disappointing novel, for the qualities of sympathy, directness, effective detail, and mordant humor which distinguished Mr. Wright's earlier, more personal books seem to operate at cross-purposes in *The Outsider*. The best sections of the book are dominated by one or another of these elements, but they are so little integrated with its theme that Mr. Wright is obliged to let Cross state his case in a fourteen-page monologue of no plausibility whatever. Remove the monologue and Cross's conversations with a district attorney who seems to have been borrowed from Dostoevski, and *The Outsider* becomes blood-and-thunder adventure, Cross an opportunistic thug with some intelligence, and the Communists mere caricatures.

Whether Mr. Wright nailed his grim thesis to a plot already in his mind, or concocted his plot, which is full of coincidence, accident, and

blind luck, to fit his thesis, the book shows a hiatus between means and ends. It's a pity that the two halves of *The Outsider* never fused, for the novel Mr. Wright saw in his own mind must have been far better than the one he has actually written.

## Interior adventures

In his introduction to *Henry James: The Untried Years* (Lippincott, \$5.00), Leon Edel quotes Percy Lubbock on the futility of any attempt to write a biography of James. "Looked at from without, his life was uneventful enough. . . . Within, it was a cycle of vivid and incessant adventure. . . . So much of it as he left unexpressed is lost, therefore, like a novel that he might have written."

"This is a resounding challenge to the art of biography," remarks Mr. Edel, and he takes up the gauntlet. Well written, well documented, sympathetic, and painstaking, *The Untried Years* is the first volume of what should end as a major biography. It covers Henry James's childhood and youth, early writing, first independent visit to Europe, and leaves him back in Boston, still under thirty. James's life was indeed uneventful by the usual standards, but by interweaving his own insights and comments with letters and memoirs, Mr. Edel makes James's early life as vivid an adventure as anyone could ask.

He sensibly makes no attempt to explain how or why James became a writer. What he does do is relate incidents to one another and supply a perspective that James, in his reminiscences, did not. The elder James dragged his family back and forth to Europe, shifting his children from one school to another while they were abroad. Henry, describing these educational upheavals years later, gave them more coherence than his father's projects ever had, even to changing dates. Henry admitted that as a boy he felt overshadowed by his older brother, William. Mr. Edel has discovered that in his twenties Henry, well enough while William was away at school, enjoyed poor health whenever his brother came home.

On the question of Henry's health, his biographer has come up with new facts. Young Henry was somehow damaged during the operations of a volunteer fire company, and eventually described the accident in such



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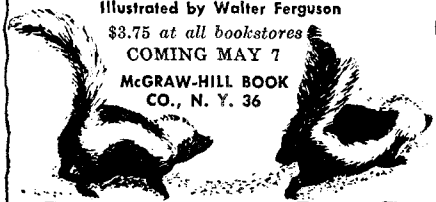
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obscure and portentous terms that one or two critics have assumed that it amounted to castration, which would certainly open wonderful vistas for psychological speculation. Mr. Edel submerges these in a flood of reliable evidence. What Henry had, it appears, was a back injury of the kind that produces occasional anguish and gets its victim very little sympathy because he looks, and in general is, as strong as a horse.

The other matter on which Mr. Edel has done a great deal of research and some discreet speculation is James's attitude toward women in general and especially his cousin Minny. He showed a tendency, probably unconscious, to equate marriage with death, and also used the theme consciously in his fiction. He seems to have felt, at the least, a sentimental admiration for his lively, charming cousin, but when she died of tuberculosis quickly converted her, with a faint suggestion of relief, into an image of woman, unattainable but a suitable heroine of novels.

One of the great fascinations of this biography is Mr. Edel's ability to reveal, without becoming dogmatic, the tenuous connection between the things Henry did not do and the themes and people of his fiction. The other is Henry James himself and his relatives, who emerge as a most likable group and oddly devoid of Victorian ideas on most subjects. It is not surprising that James's formulation of the novel still stands; he seems to have been born about two generations ahead of the game.

### Symbols and metaphors

The *Collected Poems* of Dylan Thomas (New Directions, \$3.75) were written, according to the author's note, "for the love of Man and in praise of God," a capacious phrase which is actually a very precise definition of the core of the poet's work. It is probably as precise a definition as could be achieved, for Mr. Thomas is a lyricist, unequaled among contemporary English poets, and lyrics are notoriously impervious to definitions and analyses.

To say that the poet feels he cannot adequately express his sense of unity with the world clearly has nothing to do with a poem beginning

The force that through the green fuse  
drives the flower  
Drives my green age; that blasts the roots  
of trees

Is my destroyer.

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And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose  
My youth is bent by the same wintry  
fever

and ending with

And I am dumb to tell the lover's tomb  
How at my sheet goes the same crooked  
worm.

A grip on Freud and Jung may  
make quicker reading of "Into Her  
Lying Down Head," but the power of  
. . . the second comers, the severers, the  
enemies from the deep

Forgotten dark, rest their pulse and bury  
their dead in her faithless sleep

is independent of any formal psy-  
chological theory.

Mr. Thomas scoops up symbols  
and metaphors from the sea, the  
Welsh countryside, the Bible, psy-  
chology, and a few other things, toss-  
ing them together as he pleases.  
They all become his own and follow  
his rules, assuming double meanings  
and triple connotations if he requires it.

In "Lament," an old rogue recalls  
the days

When I was a gusty man and a half  
And the black beast of the beetles' pews,  
(Sighed the old ram rod, dying of bitches),  
Not a boy and a bit in the whick-  
Dipping moon and drunk as a new  
dropped calf.

He took up virtue late, in default of  
other employment, and got the wrong  
kind.

Now I am a man no more no more  
And a black reward for a roaring life,  
(Signed the old ram rod, dying of stran-  
gers),

Tidy and cursed in my dove cooed room  
I lie down thin and hear the good bells  
jaw —

. . . And all the deadly virtues plague  
my death.

Here a series of farmyard images rein-  
forces a logical time scheme and state-  
ments as direct as prose, though far  
more striking. The poem called "In  
the White Giant's Thigh" is a huge  
metaphor in itself, with images ray-  
ing out from the central concept like  
the petals of a flower.

All this is actually of small moment,  
for Mr. Thomas is a warlock, as a  
poet should be, and no matter how he  
chooses to construct his poems, when  
he takes hold of an old theme — love  
or joy or the fear of death or the reach  
for God — it turns magically new and  
flashes like the phoenix.

#### Woman of courage

*With a Quiet Heart* (Viking,  
\$4.50) is Eva Le Gallienne's auto-

biography, chiefly concerned with her  
long fight to establish a classical  
repertory theatre at popular prices.  
Miss Le Gallienne has made several  
starts toward this goal during her  
career as actress, director, and pro-  
ducer. The first attempt, the Civic  
Repertory Theatre, lasted eight years  
and is still remembered with admira-  
tion. Later attempts foundered fairly  
quickly, but Miss Le Gallienne is not  
a woman to accept defeat. It's clear  
that she hankers for another try.

Some twenty years back, Miss Le  
Gallienne wrote the story of her life  
up to that point, so *With a Quiet  
Heart* does not include her early tri-  
umphs on Broadway or the period of  
the Civic Repertory. It begins, sur-  
prisingly, with a shocking accident  
in which she was badly burned, then  
takes us through a long convales-  
cence and her gradual return to the  
theatre.

Neither crippled hands nor devo-  
tion to Ibsen and Chekhov ever pre-  
vented Miss Le Gallienne from doing  
the unexpected. She once hired out as  
an equestrienne in a French circus,  
to which she had gone to get a close  
look at the great clowns, the Fratel-  
linis. Although the approach of her  
mother soon got her out of the ring,  
her memories of backstage circus life  
and the Fratellinis in action are crisp  
and pleasant. She had a brush with  
the Federal Theatre, which came to  
nothing but filled her with specula-  
tions about politicians. She was part  
of a vaudeville program organized  
and mismanaged by Frank Fay in his  
pre-*Harvey* days. She played *Hamlet*  
in summer stock, and regrets that she  
lacked the bravado to take the pro-  
duction into New York.

Miss Le Gallienne writes pleasantly  
but with no great force. The book's  
charm, and it has very real charm,  
lies in the author's attitude. She  
loves the theatre too much to let any  
historical dust creep into her record  
of plays and players. She is herself  
indomitable, good-humored, full of  
enterprise and obviously willing to try  
anything.

While she regrets a few risks she  
didn't run, she hasn't a word of com-  
plaint for the gambles that didn't  
pay off. Her friends and colleagues,  
drifting through the book, are familiar  
to almost any theatregoer, and the  
ultimate effect of *With a Quiet Heart*  
is rather that of a party where the  
hostess, excellent company herself,  
has collected a remarkably engaging  
group of guests.

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**THE LAUGHING MATTER** by William Saroyan. Doubleday, \$3.50.

There's much chatter about the rightness of all possible courses of action in this novel, but it has little connection with the actual course of events. A happily married couple, taking a country vacation with their children, go all to pieces when the wife confesses that she has carried on a love affair while her husband was away earning money for a new car. There are scenes, tantrums, attempts at reconciliation, and a final disaster brought on by the man's refusal to forgive his wife and admit what they coyly call "the stranger" into the family. Mr. Saroyan's naïve style is effective in dealing with children, dogs, drunks, bums, and food, but applied to complex adult emotions, as it is here, it breaks down. The book is high tragedy in baby talk.

**THE GOD OF THE WITCHES** by Margaret Murray. Oxford University Press, \$3.75.

By applying the knowledge of an expert anthropologist to the hash of contradictions and absurdities recorded of European witchcraft, Dr. Murray has evolved a theory which makes infinitely better sense than the standard one of devil worship. Witchcraft, according to Dr. Murray, was the survival of the pre-Roman religion of Europe, a faith so old that some of its rituals are represented in Paleolithic cave painting. Since Christianity was imposed on much of Europe by fiat of local rulers, the old religion endured for centuries, surviving in isolated spots until the seventeen-hundreds. Dr. Murray frankly likes the followers of the old horned god, who stuck to their beliefs with the same stubborn courage for which Christian martyrs are still admired, and views their religion as, on the whole, a very amiable sort of paganism. Her case is supported with lively, often amusing detail, and she writes with skill as well as enthusiasm.

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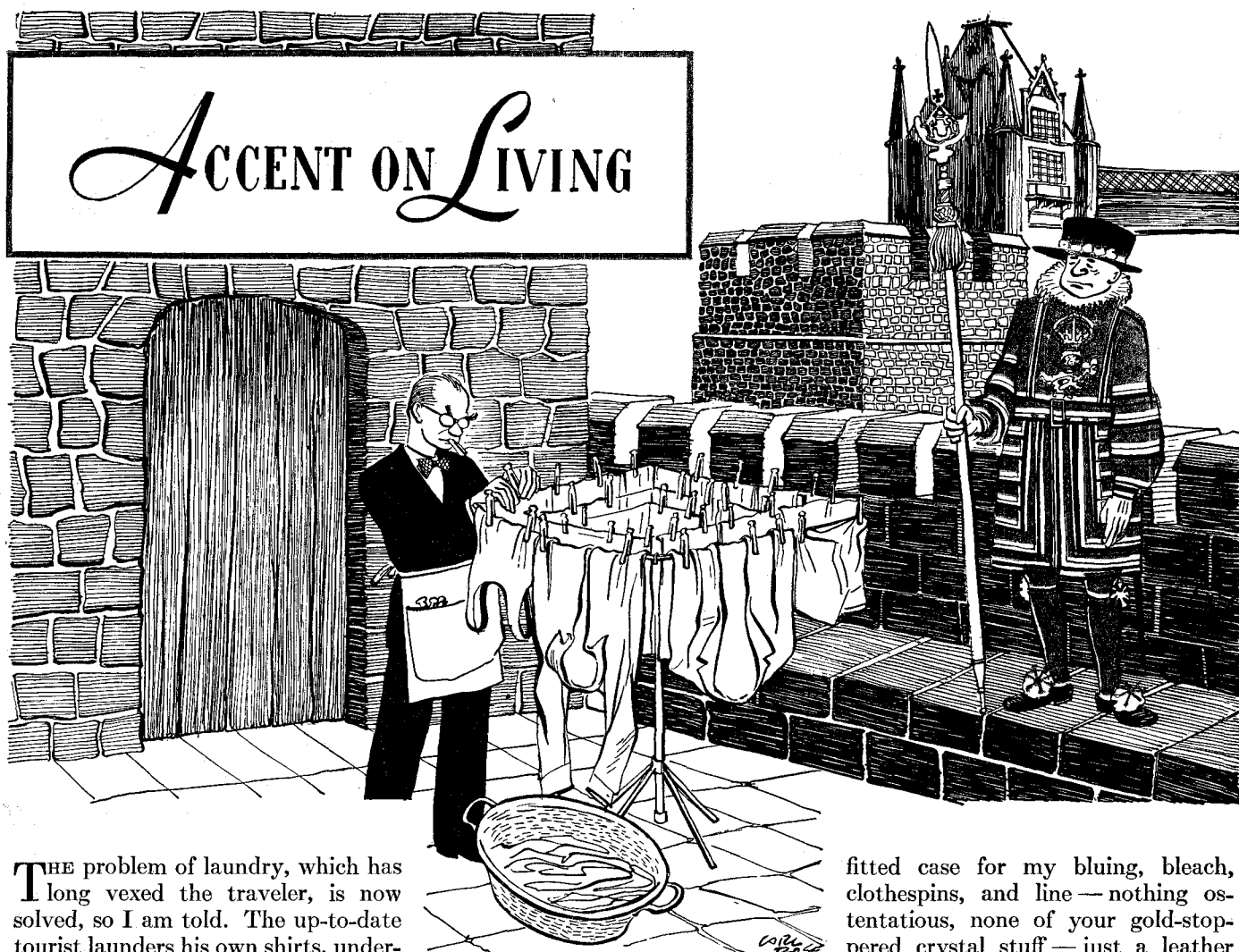
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# ACCENT ON LIVING



THE problem of laundry, which has long vexed the traveler, is now solved, so I am told. The up-to-date tourist launders his own shirts, underwear, pajamas, and socks. It's as simple as that. If he will soak his suit overnight in a bucket, not only will its grease spots disappear but also its wrinkles, and the suit will be restored to a fitting-room freshness. I have no idea of what takes out the wrinkles and leaves, at the same time, the crease in the trousers, but I gather that the wonderful new materials — trylon, bakron, porlon, nutron, and such — have thought it all out for themselves.

On the point of embarking for a few weeks in England, I have just acquired an outfit in these new fabrics. My friends tell me it would be madness to set out with anything else. "You wash out the shirt, hang it up, and when it's dry it's all ready to wear," one man assures me. "I'm wearing one myself, but you couldn't tell it from a regular shirt."

I look at his shirt. It's a white shirt, I judge, but it does seem to have gone off somewhat towards the gray. It really doesn't look altogether clean. The collar is puckered along its edges and fits very loosely indeed.

"They say a few drops of bluing are a good idea," the man goes on. "Some people tell you to use a bleach, too, but that's all bosh. With these kylon shirts — be sure to get kylon, incidentally, and no bakron or porlon — all you do is wash them out, rinse them, and hang them up to dry."

"No ironing at all?" I ask, looking again at his collar.

"Absolutely not," he replies. "No ironing. No need of it. I even wear it as an evening shirt with a dinner jacket."

"You do?"

"Sure. It makes a perfectly good evening shirt."

"What about micron?"

"Too clammy. Matter of fact, all these things are a little clammy. That's why they dry so fast. No absorption. They dry in no time at all."

From this and other conversations along identical lines, I find that my travels as a self-laundrer will call for a few special arrangements. First of all, I shall need a good serviceable

fitted case for my bluing, bleach, clothespins, and line — nothing ostentatious, none of your gold-stoppered crystal stuff — just a leather roll. Pigskin is good, or pin seal, but whether such a case has been developed for the male traveler remains to be seen. The clothespin outfits for women are a little too frilly and usually, I believe, include a tiny bungalow apron of gay waterproof material.

I shall also need a bucket for the suit, and this might reasonably be one of the dark plastic jobs ordinarily used for ice cubes. A galvanized ten-quart pail would be too conspicuous, it seems to me, and that sort of thing gets a terrific battering and denting.

Ironing I shall not attempt. No matter how many puckers appear in the collars of the micron shirts, I know that a touch of the iron, in my hands, would multiply them and add, at the same time, several pleats and creases where no pleat was ever intended to be. I am not gifted with the iron. Besides, these shirts are said to liquefy, or perhaps to vanish in a wisp of steam, if touched with an iron hot enough to do any good.

But what of my quarters? An active laundry operation calls for a workroom with a floor drain, and al-



though something of this sort might be found on shipboard, one doubts that the British inns and hotels — which have not yet got around to acknowledging the electric razor (or indeed in some cases the electric light) — are piped for the run-off from the tourist trade.

Neither do I expect to find a community laundromat — what the purists in the country term the “helpy selfy” facility; yet some means must be devised for protecting the darts game in the Bull & Bottle from the drippings of my microns overhead. Old newspapers, laid generously on the floor? Bath towels? A few yards of oilcloth?

It does not follow, either, that my rooms will have the right knobs and hooks for rigging a clothesline. Wouldn't a folding rack be helpful?

The luggage space that I save by taking only two of everything would give me plenty of room for a fairly complete lot of laundry equipment.

My suits are more of a problem. They have no vest, and to prevent necktie flap I now need one of those costume jewelry scimitars that seem to perforate the tie but in fact do no such thing. The two-button coats are aggressively square in the shoulders, the blue too blue, and the gray, with its unearthly sheen, too gray. It makes me feel like an opal with a plunging neckline. I can only hope that a few good soakings in the bucket will tone them down somewhat. Sooner or later, I suppose, they will wear out, anyway, but meanwhile as a traveler in a strange land I must keep up appearances.

For perhaps an hour each evening,

therefore, however jaded by the wonders of the day, I shall be busy at basin and bucket, scrubbing out the wine stains, the dash of treacle or bread-sauce, or the honest grime of the British atmosphere. Soap, scrub, rinse, and rinse again, and hang out the night's wash, to drip by moonlight into twentieth-century dryness.

Were not, I wonder, the detachable celluloid collars and cuffs, the dickey, of yesteryear a better idea? The answer is no. It is true that all a man had to do was wipe them with a damp cloth, but their drawbacks were severe. Wearing them, the dandy who leaned carelessly over a Welsbach mantle or lingered too near an open fire simply blew up. And on a sunny day the glare from the collar was almost more than the eye could tolerate.

CHARLES W. MORTON

## THE FAIRY RING

by SARA WILSON

*SARA WILSON was formerly on the staff of the Baltimore Evening Sun. She now lives in Sarasota, Florida. This is her first appearance in the Atlantic.*

THERE'S a fairy ring at the bottom of my garden, and I thought for a while I'd have to blast it out of there.

It's a dense dark-green circular patch of grass, neatly bordered with white toadstools five or six inches high. The first circle, about five feet in diameter, appeared six months ago.

In any other locality it would be an attraction — an emerald-and-white bed in the center of a jade-green lawn. But here in Sarasota, Florida, such a patch is a disgrace: people are known by the grass they keep. And that grass is supposed to be a thick, springy carpet of perfection the year round. Winter and summer, through rainy season and drought, our lawn was beyond criticism and above reproach until the fairy ring appeared.

The yard man identified it for me on the weekly visit he makes to inspect the property. “It's a fairy ring,” he said. “They tell me the fairies dance there at midnight.”

“What can we do about it?”

“Move away,” he said quietly. “Git yourselves a new yard someplace else.”

None of the gardening books on the shelf had any information on the

subject, but the good old Encyclopaedia Britannica gave a whole paragraph to it in Volume Nine (EXTR to GAMB).

Then I called in a nurseryman who is an expert on tropical gardening. “Fairy ring nothing,” he said. “It's fungus. The grass inside the circle grows thicker and darker than the



rest of the lawn because of the nitrogen released by the decaying fungus. Spray it with copper.”

That seemed easy enough. I mixed the copper spray and gave the circle a good dousing. Then, to keep the lawn tidy, I kicked over every one of the giant white toadstools, to the shrieks of my six-year-old daughter Ann who wanted them left in place.

“You're doing a terrible thing,”

she told me between howls. “The fairies need those toadstools for umbrellas when it rains. They'll be so upset . . .”

“Oh, I guess if there really were such things as fairies they would have the magic to grow more when they needed them,” I said, absent-mindedly.

“They have the magic to do more than that,” she said darkly. “Just wait and you'll see.”

I waited. And I did see. The copper-sprayed circle, abandoned by fairies or fungus, turned the bright yellow of ripe wheat as the grass withered and died. Two new rings appeared at the right and left corners of the yard.

This time the nurseryman prescribed copper for the whole lawn. He sent out a crew of four men on a spray truck with long hose attachments. One man drove the truck. One guided the hose. The other two watched carefully. By the time I paid off the watchers and the workers the sunlight glinted with a metallic sheen on every blade of grass in the yard.

Then the fairies really got mad. After waiting a week to heighten the suspense, they held the grand ball of the season. Fifteen small patches of dark-green grass, each patch outlined with white toadstools, appeared.

“What can I do?” I asked my child in desperation. After all, at her age



she is far better acquainted with the Little Folk than I am.

"Don't do anything," she said. "You've bothered them enough. You knocked down the nice big circle they used to have, and that made them have to fix little circles all over the place."

Friends and neighbors were generous with advice of miracles that might be wrought with a few hundred pounds of fertilizer, a few tons of topsoil, and an infrared lamp. One of the more serious garden club members gently reminded me that, since the lawn was planted ten years ago, the turf is worn out anyway. The whole lawn should be resodded, he said.

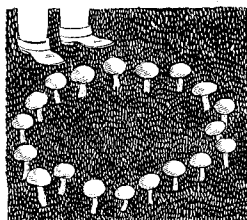
My daughter Ann shook her head. "Leave the fairies alone," she said.

I've left them alone. Gradually the fifteen small circles of emerald grass browned off, the toadstools toppled over; and as time went on, the new turf grew back in the soft restful green that Sarasota sod is supposed to be. Except in one place: the big circle where it all started. Within that circle the grass once more is dark and glossy; the white toadstools are larger and more numerous than ever. I counted seventy-eight this morning.

Our neighbors' lawns on either side and across the street are more luxuriant than ours ever was. We are hoping the fairies will notice this and move. We never invite friends over during the daylight hours any more.

After the third highball, my husband was foolish enough to tell some friends who stopped by the other night about the fairy ballroom on the lawn. We discovered sadly that while nearly all the grown people we know believe easily in flying saucers and little men from Mars, practically nobody — except us — believes in fairies.

We truly live in a child's world. Ann's friends spend hours on the lawn, spinning stories about the enchanted circle. Being a practical child, she charges a nickel admission to any friend who wants to step beyond the toadstools into the magic ring where the fairies have trod. She has collected fifty-five cents already.



## THE COMPRESSIBLE SCOTS

by R. P. LISTER

*R. P. LISTER is best known for his light verse, but he often indulges his readers with equally enjoyable prose.*

DAVID RIZZIO, or Riccio, an Italian musician, born about 1533, rose to some eminence in the service of Mary Queen of Scots and perished in the act of providing history with one of its rarest mysteries.

In describing Rizzio's murder as a mystery I am not, of course, referring to any controversies about the motives for it, or the exact manner of it, or which person or persons struck the fatal blow. There is some doubt on all these points, but that kind of mystery is a commonplace.

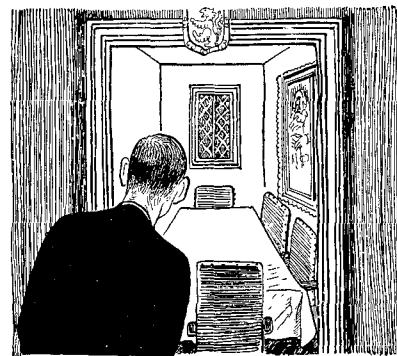
History, in fact, is stuffed with people, like the Princes in the Tower, the Duke of Clarence, and Cleopatra's little brother Ptolemy, who happened to perish when no representative of the press was present, so that their ends have a vagueness less common in this documented age. The affair of Rizzio is a different matter. Its eyewitnesses may disagree in detail, but their accounts all have this in common: that they describe, circumstantially, an event that cannot possibly have taken place. The things they disagree about are all more or less credible; the thing they all vouch for is a manifest impossibility.

It is unnecessary to go into the motives for the murder. These were political, reasonably uncomplicated, and, given the circumstances of the time, quite natural. We may proceed at a bound to the evening of the 9th of March, 1566, when the Palace of Holyrood was invested by a troop under the command of the Earl of Morton. Mary, unaware of the presence of this troop, which had assem-

bled for the deliberate purpose of doing away with Rizzio, went to supper in her private supper room. This room opened off her bedroom, which in turn opened off the Presence Chamber. A private staircase led up from the ground floor and opened into Mary's bedroom close by the door of the supper room.

With the Queen at supper sat Rizzio and the Duchess of Argyle. Some accounts maintain that the Commendator, or Master of the Household, and the Captain of the Guard, whose name was Erskine, were also there. It was, at all events, described as a merry supper party; and merry supper parties of five are more common than merry supper parties of three. Three persons at a supper party may be cordial but are with difficulty merry. However, let us compromise, and say that four persons were present. In addition there might be a few serving men or maidens going in and out.

To these persons was added Darnley, thus bringing the numbers up to



at least five. Darnley came in by the private stair, slightly drunk, and sat down by the Queen. The next to appear was Lord Ruthven. This ancient and venomous Lord stood with drawn sword by the arras at the head of the private stair. The implication is that at this moment he was standing in the bedroom, and not in the supper room; probably he had intended to enter the supper room but found it impossible to do so.

Mary ordered Lord Ruthven to leave; but as he seemed unwilling, her companions rose to eject him. All Ruthven said was: "Lay no hands on me, for I will not be handled."

Ruthven was a sick man, and his brusqueness may be excusable on these grounds. Besides, he had come to murder Rizzio, and there was no point in his going away. And at this moment a band of twenty armed men rushed into the room. It is here that

the improbable turns to the impossible, even to the miraculous. The supper room was already packed to bursting point. It should be made clear, for those who have not visited Holyrood, or examined it closely with these events in mind, that the supper room measures nine feet by seven. The bedroom is twenty-two feet by eighteen and a half; but it had a very large bed in it. There must have been some kind of table in the supper room. Round this table the Queen, the Duchess of Argyle, the Commandator or Erskine or both, Darnley, and Rizzio were compressed in an inextricably mingled mass.

Ruthven could not get into the room. It is just conceivable that the twenty armed men might, somehow, pack themselves into the adjacent bedroom, with Ruthven. They certainly could not draw their weapons, nor wield them if they were already drawn. Rizzio was over by the window in the supper room, crouching down behind the Queen's skirts. He was completely safe. Nobody but Darnley could get within six feet of him, and Darnley could not move his arms.

And yet Rizzio was murdered. Moreover, whether or not he was actually murdered there, the first blows were certainly struck in the supper room. We are told, from all sides, that the supper table overturned. This is outrageous; it could not possibly overturn, jammed up as it was against the Commandator and the Duchess of Argyle. However, the Duchess of Argyle got the idea that it was going to overturn, and somehow she got hold of a candle and held it up over her head so that they should have enough light to murder Rizzio by if they could only get near him. This was not her intention; she wanted evidence. But the other candles had gone out, probably from lack of oxygen, and she would have done better to let hers go out too.

It was by the light of this candle that the subsequent events were seen. They were seen, and recorded, by supporters of both parties; apart from the fact that it describes something that could not have taken place, the evidence is perfectly clear. Not one, but several, of the armed men from the bedroom now proceeded to enter the supper room. Their very names are attested by both parties. Ruthven himself was one of them. It is calmly reported that he *took the Queen in his arms and put her into the King's*

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arms, entreating Her Majesty not to be afraid. . . . He assured Her Majesty that all that was done was with the King's own deed and assent. This is, of course, nonsense. Ruthven was a sick man. Hercules could not have forced Mary through the throng into Darnley's arms; it has to be assumed that she was in them already, having no room to be anywhere else, and that Ruthven, pressed up against them, shouted some kind of apology into her ear above the wild hullabaloo that must have prevailed.

Ruthven was not the only one. The Earl of Morton was in the room, and so was George Douglas. Then, we are told, Faldonside held his pistol at the Queen's breast. She told him to fire if he did not respect her child. Faldonside did not fire. The whole incident was probably quite unintentional on his part, and he would have explained this if he had been able to get a word in. Similarly, Bellenden made a thrust at her with his rapier, which was struck down by a page. How did the page get in? He must have been there all the time, presumably under the table.

There are now at least ten, and possibly eleven or twelve, persons in the supper room. Since it could not hold half of them, it is hardly any

further strain on the imagination to picture Rizzio being dragged out, between their legs, and through the compressed mass of armed men in the bedroom, to the Presence Chamber. Here he was finally dispatched, if he had not been dispatched already, and they finished off the night's incredible business in a rather commonplace way by cutting him up and throwing the pieces into the courtyard.

It is, as we have said, an event unique in history. There is no doubt whatever that it took place in the manner described; there is, simultaneously, no possibility whatever that it did take place in the manner described. One can only stand, mystified, in the Queen's private supper room and speculate on the infinite compressibility of sixteenth-century Scotsmen.

The ceiling of the supper room is, by the way, rather low, and this despite the fact that the floor level was lowered about nine inches or a foot (the exact figure is disputed) in the time of Charles the Second. One can only imagine that Charles had this done in order that, if the need to murder an Italian secretary should arise again, the armed men could at least be passed in over the supper party's heads.

## FORTUNE SMILES ON CHIEF TECUMSEH

by **LOYD ROSENFELD**

WHEN old wife,  
Name of Liz,  
Answered phone  
We won quiz;

Won one ton  
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Motorboat,  
Roomful cough  
Drops for throat;

Thousand cans  
Corned beef hash,  
Ruby ring,  
Plenty cash;

All-expense  
Trip to Banff  
Where I found  
True romanff;

Liked her kiss,  
Liked her squeeze,  
Shoved Liz in  
Lake Louise;

Took new wife  
Home with me,  
All my friends  
Glad to see;

Told them wife  
Look like dream  
Since she use  
Beauty cream;

Hope new wife  
Can win quiz  
When she get  
Old as Liz.







## COLLECTOR'S ITEM

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now on the staff of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

**M**USIC by Franz Josef Haydn occupies more than 160 long-playing records. Last September and October, Cornelius G. Burke listened to all of these — some of them several times.

Music by Ludwig van Beethoven occupies more than 360 long-playing records. In December and January, Burke listened to all of these, repeating many.

Music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart occupies nearly 500 long-playing records. Early in February, Cornelius Burke began listening to all of these. At the time of this writing, he had not yet re-established contact with the outside world, so it is impossible to report how he fared. However, there is a more than even chance that he enjoyed it thoroughly. C. G. Burke is, and has been for more than thirty years, a record-collector.

It is a dauntless, hardy breed. It has to be. Record-collectors, for their devotion, have suffered dreadful hardships. They have gone lunchless, friendless, wifeless. They have been ceremonially cursed by postal authorities. They have been quelled by the constabulary and serenaded with brickbats. They have been ostracized and turned homeless away from the humblest slum apartments.

It is heartening to note that none of these things has happened to Burke, or at least not very often. He has a wife — and a very charming one — who can by now differentiate between even the obscurer works of

Handel and Bach. He has three Great Danes, of awesome aspect but sloppily affectionate disposition. He has a gracefully sprawling house, old enough to be called historic. It is deep in Columbia County, New York State, on the edge of the Hudson valley, and is not easily found without a map. It could be said to be out of earshot of the nearest neighbors, except that earshot is a word not lightly used where Burke is concerned.

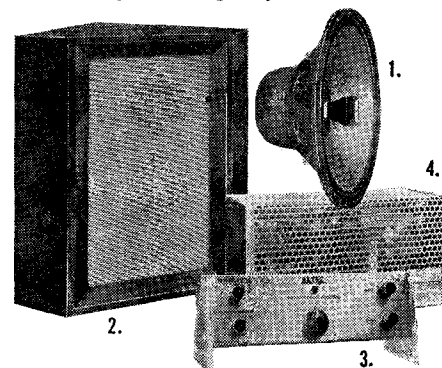
His 40-by-25-foot living and listening room contains, in opposite corners, a \$750 four-unit Electro-Voice Patrician loud-speaker, taller than he is, and a \$700 Klipschorn. In a joining room is a Voight-Lowther horn reproducer, almost as massive. The whole array is driven by about \$600 worth of audio-amplifiers and record-playing gear.

Burke likes, he says, to be in a sea of sound. And a great deal of the time he most undoubtedly is. However, there is no factual basis for the story that, the evening after he received and played Westminster's famous record of Haydn's Military Symphony, he was awakened from his bed by the echo returning from the Catskills, 30 miles away. Actually, Burke says with all solemnity, he has never received an echo from anything more distant than the Berkshires, and they are only 12 miles away.

Burke avers that he has no idea how he became a record-collector — or why anyone else should — but he explains it, just the same, with considerable conviction. He loves music but hates crowds. He likes to smoke or drink while he listens. He doesn't like what most concert halls do to the sound of most orchestras and almost all smaller ensembles. (The Salle Pleyel, in Paris, is an exception.) "The sound is lost," he says; "the works weren't played that way originally. I'm convinced that records can



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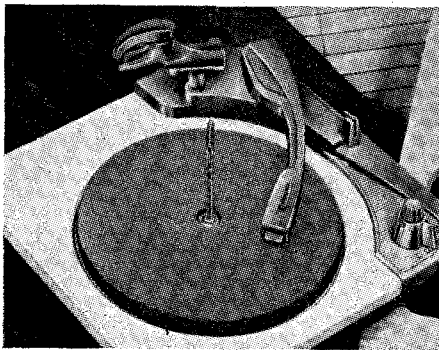


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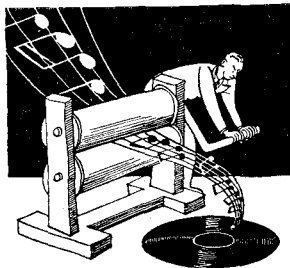
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improve the sound, if they're made cleverly." Nevertheless, during at least five or six years of his record-collecting, he was also an inveterate concertgoer; he was in Carnegie or Aeolian Hall, or the Metropolitan Opera House, almost every night. He thinks nearly all music should be listened to in the dark.

"There's the matter of choice, too," he points out. "Sometimes I have an urge for Rossini overtures. And I've had long, long periods of Schubert songs. Play fifty or sixty of them, over a day or two. Can't do that except through the phonograph. Unless you have court singers. And they probably wouldn't be as good." In the matter of choice, as he terms it, Burke is probably as well prepared as anyone need be. He has approximately 13,000 records in the house. Of these, 1800 are LPs. About 2000 of the older 78s are in the attic. He has thought of transferring some to tape, but doubts that he'll ever get around to it.

"Anyway," he says, "I'm optimistic. I think there are more good performances, already, on LP than there were on 78. The instrument is taken more seriously. The fact that an exact sound is being recorded makes the people more careful about what they put on it. Not many were, in times past, though Weingartner saw the possibilities, and Beecham has definitely tried to immortalize himself through recording."

Burke, who is now in the upper



forties, was taught piano as a child, but didn't learn much. He asserts with mingled pride and disgust that he was a typical red-blooded American boy, without whatever it takes to practice. His mother regularly took him and his sister to the opera, but he can't recall being much impressed. The favorite record of his childhood was something called *Over the Waves*, "a sort of Spanish waltz."

The first classical disk he remembers having listened to was a single-sided 10-incher of the allegretto of the Beethoven Eighth Symphony, a Vic-

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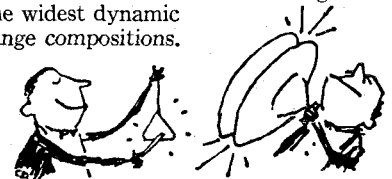
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tor which may have been recorded by Stokowski, if he was in action that early, before World War I. But it was after the war when a record came along which smote Burke beyond resistance and changed his whole life.

This was the first recording by Willem Mengelberg of the Beethoven Coriolanus Overture. Burke had something of a taste for the classic symphonists already, but this Coriolanus, on two Victor 12-inch sides, issued two months apart ("still the best recorded performance I've ever heard"), turned his interest passionately toward records. Within a year he had all the Beethoven records available in the United States.

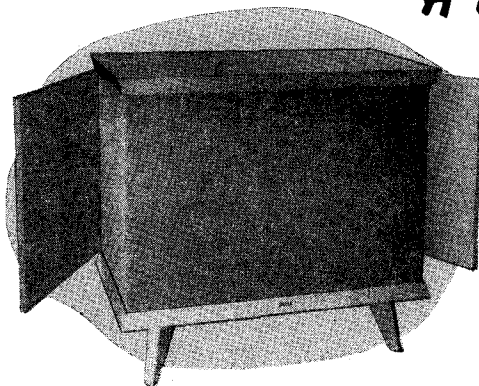
There weren't a great many. The nine symphonies, for instance, were represented on disks as follows:—

The First: one 12-inch side, by Toscanini and the orchestra of La Scala. The Second: nothing. The Third: nothing (although shortly there appeared, on a label called Opera-Disk, a "complete" version which took exactly 12 minutes, conducted by either Leo Blech or Fritz Busch, Burke isn't sure which). The Fourth: one 12-inch side, half the adagio, by Vessella's Italian Band. The Fifth: a wealth of variety—the first movement conducted by Toscanini for Brunswick and by Mengelberg for Victor; the "whole" work, on Victor Black Label, played by Josef Pasternak and the Victor Concert Orchestra (*"Unspeakably bad,"* says Burke). The Sixth: one 12-inch side, the "Scene by the Brook," by the Victor Concert Orchestra. The Seventh: the whole symphony, cut by about one third and performed by Albert Coates and a "symphony orchestra"—without percussion! The Eighth: the second movement, by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Of the Ninth there was not a trace.

There were no complete Mozart symphonies at all, though there did exist a four-side version of the Haydn *Surprise*. There were no complete quartets, although the Flonzaley Quartet had made a half-dozen sides of Beethoven "excerpts." There was a performance of one movement of the Emperor Concerto by Frank La Forge with the Victor Concert Orchestra, which in this disk, Burke thinks, consisted of a string quartet plus an oboe.

At this point, Burke discovered Europe. More specifically, he came across a catalogue of HMV, the

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British recording company. In it was listed a version of *Meistersinger* which ran to fourteen disks — nearly two hours' listening. Ecstatic and astounded, Burke sent for every European catalogue he could learn about. And in the English Columbia listings he came upon new treasure: the complete Seventh and Eighth Symphonies of Beethoven. Too impatient for pen and paper, Burke traveled in from New Jersey, where he lived, and presented himself at the Columbus Circle offices of Columbia Records, where he demanded the two symphonies.

At first he was told they didn't exist. Then the sales manager, amused by the intensity of the youthful connoisseur, initiated a search and found them in the English catalogue listing. He ordered the records for Burke. But his interest went beyond this.

American Columbia had just been bought out by its British affiliate, though its personnel and catalogue were retained. The latter consisted mostly of what today would be called blues-and-rhythm repertory, plus a line of salacious songs of the burlesque-show variety. The market for these was saturated, and dealers had become resistant to Columbia sales talk. The British management was at a loss as to how their market might be revived. The American chief now wondered, daringly, if the classical line might not help. He offered Burke a job.

Burke was seventeen, a mercurial and very articulate boy, with startling blue eyes which had the look of distance in them. He was destined for Princeton and then Harvard Law School, but he had a legacy to help support him. In that instant, he changed his whole aim in life unhesitatingly. He became, while hardly out of knee pants, the first classical promotion man (or one of the first) in the American record industry.

He carried his crusade from city to city throughout the eastern half of the nation, assembling the dealers in each city — Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago — and giving them demonstration-lectures on the salability of Beethoven and Verdi. Mostly the sales staffs were utterly ignorant

of serious music, convulsed by the immaturity of their instructor, and highly skeptical to boot. But Burke remembers one listener who absorbed everything with unwavering attention, and asked for more. This was the stock boy in Columbia's Chicago office. Burke asked him his name. "Kapp," said the youth, "Jack Kapp."

"I don't know," says Burke, with triumphant blandness, "whether I had anything to do with it or not, but the next time I heard of him, he was president of Decca."

Burke's cross-country crusade lasted about a year. He met with some success, but he kept hearing of wonderful things happening abroad, and he wanted to investigate. And something else happened: the issuance of a disk called *Let It Rain; Let It Pour*. It was a pop tune, and Burke cannot even recall what band recorded it. But when he heard it he knew his campaign selling acoustically recorded classics was as good as over. *Let It Rain* had been electrically recorded, and an era had ended. With the excuse that he wanted to attend the University of Paris, Burke went abroad, ending his only official connection with the record industry.

The next years were lively ones for record fanciers; only the development of microgroove recording has caused comparable excitement and expansion. When Burke went abroad in 1924, electrical recording had just begun. By 1925, acoustic recording

had stopped. By 1926, an acoustic record could not be sold, except along Sixth Avenue, in New York, where stacks of them were dispensed, by label and diameter, at a dollar or two dollars a dozen. Among things sold this way were many rarities

never reprinted, particularly vocals. Burke made few forays after these, disliking Sixth Avenue and not being much interested in vocal virtuosity per se. He picked up some recordings of Maria Barrientos, a Spanish soprano noted for her Susanna in *Marriage of Figaro*. He also acquired some McCormack, though most of the McCormack he liked best never came out in America — arias and songs of Mozart, Handel, and Brahms.





"McCormack used to take part in an annual Prague Festival," Burke explains, "donating his services, I believe. It was a kind of penance he practiced, for using that weapon of his, over here, on *Mother Machree*, to fill the Hippodrome. His good records were made in Prague or in London."

The early years of electrical recording produced some wonders, some war horses, and some weird items. Stokowski's famous transcription and playing of the Bach Toccata and



Fugue in D Minor followed Burke all over Europe; it was a phenomenon. Ravel made his own recording of the *Bolero*. Richard Strauss conducted *Ein Heldenleben* for Deutsche Gramophon, also the last three Mozart symphonies and the Beethoven Fifth and Seventh.

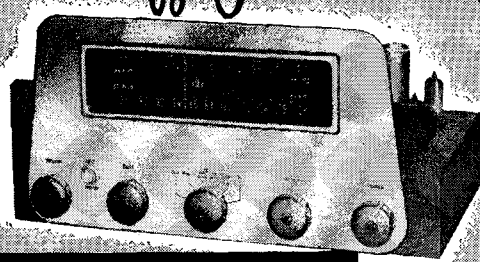
All of these recordings were extraordinary. Especially was this true of the Mozarts — partly because Strauss played them almost like Beethoven, partly because of a technical oddity. In acoustical days, tubas always had to be used in support of the bass fiddles. Strauss retained them for these recordings, and the electric microphones brought them out with grotesque clarity, blatting away in the background. It took the indefatigable Burke some time to research this problem and discover what the odd noises were, but he did.

In 1927 something revolutionary happened, through the insistence of a very astute promoter. English Columbia decided to commemorate the centennial of Beethoven's death by issuing all his symphonies.

Burke had a hand in this, being a friend of the promoter as well as the prototype of the Beethoven discophile. Conductors for the series were chosen with great care, suiting the man to the job. Sir George Henschel was to conduct the First; Sir Thomas Beecham the Second; Sir Henry Wood the Third; Sir Hamilton Harty ("He wasn't a 'Sir' then," says Burke) the Fourth; a young conductor named Bruno Walter the Fifth; Felix Weingartner all the rest.

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There was a tragedy: the Fifth by Walter was rejected, on insistence by English Columbia's musical advisers, because it had so many curious whims in it. "I remember hearing those test records in London," Burke says, "and it *was* a very odd job." So the Centennial set came out minus a Fifth, though Weingartner supplied one early the next year.

Europe was more ambitious than America. HMV began a Wagnerian series of extended excerpts from *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*, *Parsifal*, *Tristan*, with big-name singers. Columbia (British) countered by contracting to record the Bayreuth Festival performances in 1928, 1929, 1930. Their *Tristan* flopped, though the orchestra was beautifully recorded and one record-side had an explanatory commentary by critic Ernest Newman. The Ring operas did better. *Tannhäuser* (1929), nearly complete, stood up best. "I still listen to parts of it," Burke relates. "Erna Berger was the Shepherd."

Leading artists began to make concerti, too. Kreisler and Leo Blech



made the Beethoven concerto in 1927, the Brahms a year later. Cortot made a Schumann A Minor and a Chopin F Minor. Jacques Thibaud made a Mozart Sixth which, for some odd reason, was distributed only in Switzerland and Czechoslovakia (Burke got one, though).

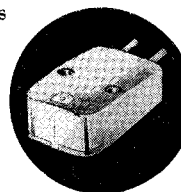
In quality of recorded sound also, Burke thinks, Europe outpaced America from 1927 until the advent of LP. Stokowski and the Boston Pops, almost alone, offered competition. But almost always at least one foreign company was out front. For a time it was HMV. Then it was Pathé. Then it was Ultraphone, and then Telefunken, which got ahead of everyone in the latter 1930s and stayed there until the war's end. Burke, although a gourmet rather than a glutton, still sampled generously from this output, accumulating more than 2000 records during seven years in France.

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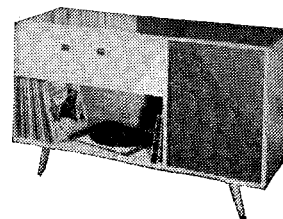
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United States. His records, scrupulously packed, followed him, but when they arrived, several hundred were missing. All these were Deutsche Grammophon, HMV, and Pathé. Upon inquiry, he found the U.S. Customs had confiscated them. The HMV and DG disks had borne labels picturing the famous listening dog, Nipper, and Victor had secured an injunction against its use here (although Nipper had been an HMV, not a Victor, property originally). And Columbia had an exclusive-importation agreement with Pathé.

Burke's wrath rose high. Among the purloined records was a ten-disk set of *Rheingold*, nearest to a complete recording ever made. He could do nothing, so he took it philosophically. However, it would be very unwise of any legal official of Columbia or Victor, circa 1932, to call upon Burke in the wilds of Columbia County. The Great Danes are almost always hungry, and one of them weighs 185 pounds.

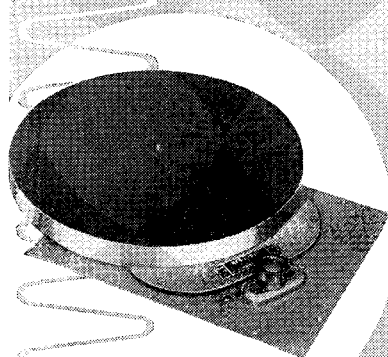
Burke is an ardent advocate of LP, with its expanded and recondite repertory and its enormous spawn of small companies. His month-long immersions in the complete works of various composers on LP are testimony to this. He writes critiques later, comparing performances and marveling at their abundance. Most have appeared as magazine articles. (He has also collaborated on a book, his portion dealing with record-playing equipment.) "From Vanguard and Westminster and Haydn Society," he says, "we're going to discover a lot of musicians and hear a lot of performances we wouldn't have dreamed of." But he won't deny that 78 rpm days produced some performances which will never be duplicated.

There was the most lyrical performance of Schubert's *Unfinished* by Eduard Mörike; the Coriolanus of Mengelberg (aforementioned); the Beethoven Fifth by Nikisch (of historical value only); the Mozart Thirty-ninth Symphony by Richard Strauss ("astounding — tubas and all") on irreplaceable Polydors; the Prague National Theater version of Smetana's *Bartered Bride* (HMV-Victor) conducted by Ostrčil; Emmi Leisner's almost incredible contralto rendition of the Handel aria usually known as the Largo. Included might be Mengelberg's performance of *Ein Heldenleben*, which he recorded twice without perceptible change, indicating that he had finalized his interpretation — but

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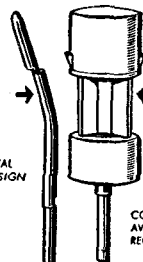
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Capitol, blessings on them, has transferred this to LP. There was the Beecham Beethoven Second; the Furtwängler Tchaikovsky *Pathétique* ("one of the damndest things you ever heard"), and the Toscanini overture to *Italiana in Algeri* ("not even Toscanini will ever do it again just that way").

To play his disks, over the years, Burke has had an interminable succession of phonographs. First he had a table Victrola, then a cabinet model. Next he enjoyed an exquisite and expensive device of the day, a Cheney, which had a diamond stylus (!) suspended on a hairspring to play either laterally or vertically cut records. Then he had two Victor Orthophones, one big, one little. Next he invested in a Victor electric ("a hell of a looking thing, in a Florentine cabinet"), then in a Columbia-Kolster, a player he liked very much, which he got secondhand, during the depression, at the Gramophone Shop, in New York. After that he bought one more set, an early Magnavox, which he promptly took apart and revised, a procedure which led him naturally, if prematurely, into what is now called high fidelity — the assembly of an eclectic phonograph (his term) from custom components. By turns, his styli have been steel, cactus thorn, bamboo, wood (tempered in fire and acid by C. G. Burke), sapphire, and diamond. From destructive ordeal by these needles, his disks have been saved by their very number. None got played too often. Some, in fact, are almost virgin. And likely to remain so.

"I suppose," says Burke, sadly surveying the racks in his living room, "there are at least 5000 here I'll never hear again. Seems a pity, doesn't it?"

Enthusiasts were experimenting before World War II with the assembly at home of high-fidelity sets, but it was not until 1946 that one of them began to write about it for laymen. The one who did, then, was Edward Tatnall Canby, an intrepid young musician who had ventured in among the ohms and impedances to discover the how and why of good sound reproduction. Later he collaborated on a book (with Burke and critic Irving Kolodin) and now he has

written one of his own. It is called *Home Music Systems: How to Build and Enjoy Them* (Harper, \$3.95) and the title describes the contents.

This is not a book for the advanced audio hobbyist, but for the neophyte — who won't be a neophyte any longer when he finishes it. Canby eschews technical patter; all the reader needs is a command of English and



an earnest interest in filling his living room with good music. Canby also covers, usefully, some unconventional territory — for instance, how to convert your old Supercroon Console radio-phono, step by step, to high fidelity. And the uses of reflected sound (very valuable). And some hazards — indeed, his last page, on internal short circuits and their terrifying symptoms, is positively hair-raising.

## Record Reviews

**Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 in E Flat Major, "Emperor"** (Walter Gieseking, piano; Herbert Von Karajan conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). This probably takes position as the best *Emperor* on microgroove, barely edging out the Horowitz-Reiner RCA version, unjustly neglected earlier in this column. Both are good, but the RCA Victor orchestra is too remote.

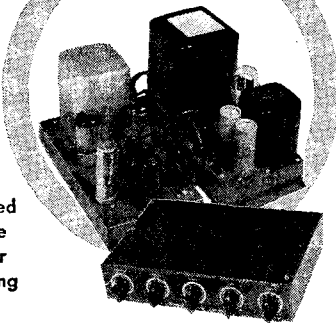
**Beethoven: Overtures Leonore No. 1, Leonore No. 2, Leonore No. 3, Fidelio** (Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). A very good idea, putting all the overtures to the opera *Fidelio* on one disk. Scherchen keeps them dramatic. Fine fidelity.

**Beethoven: Nine Symphonies** (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: seven 12" LPs, in album with essay or singly). Only Nos. 1, 3, and 9 have been issued before. All others are new recordings. The Seventh is absolutely beyond compare. The Second and Eighth are tenser, more spectacular than the Monteux versions. Only possible rival to the sweetly metrical Toscanini Fourth is Solti's, on London. The Fifth and Sixth probably outpoint Klemperer's older Vox versions, if not by much. The whole issue, of course, is historic, and all good Bee-

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**Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B Flat** (Artur Rubinstein, piano; Charles Munch conducting Boston Symphony; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Pianistic but still poetic, probably the best on LP, all things considered.

**Dvorak: Slavonic Dances, Op. 46; Op. 72** (Vaclav Talich conducting Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; Urania: two separate 12" LPs). People who have treasured the old Victor performances by Talich will realize what this means; we had almost stopped hoping. Would-be converts should listen to No. 7 of Op. 46.

**Elizabethan Love Songs** (Hugues Cuenod, tenor; Claude Jean Chiasson, harpsichord; Lyrichord: 12" LP). Many a French gallant at Elizabeth's court must have sung *Drink to Me Only* in just these intimate, piquant accents. Very realistic recording.

**Elgar: Enigma Variations, with Brahms: Variations on a Theme of Haydn** (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Both long-awaited, both delightfully what they should be. Genial and transparent beauty.

**First Chair** (First-desk players of the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the orchestra, in works by Purcell, Chabrier, Beethoven, Weber, and others; Columbia: 12" LP). A wonderful bouquet of virtuosity, variety, and honest musicianship, gorgeously recorded. Prize pieces: William Kincaid in Griffes' Poem for Flute and Orchestra; Marcel Tabuteau in Handel's Oboe Concerto No. 3.

**French Art Songs** (Jacques Jansen, baritone, with flute, cello, and piano; London: 12" LP). The songs are by Debussy (including the Villon ballads), Chabrier, and Ravel, whose *Chansons Madécasses* get especially exciting treatment.

**French Orchestral Music** (Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London: 12" LP). Selections include Saint-Saëns' *Danse Macabre*, Chabrier's *España*, Ravel's *Pavane*; the verve is infectious and the recording perfection.

**Glière: Symphony No. 3, "Ilya Mourometz"; "Red Poppy" Ballet Suite** (Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: two 12" LPs in album). This shares hi-fi honors with the Mercury Gould-Barber set (below) but my, how long it goes on!

**Glinka: A Life for the Czar**

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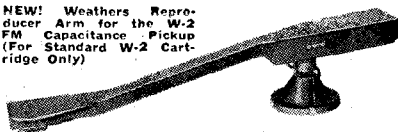
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**Goldmark: "Rustic Wedding"**  
**Symphony** (Sir Thomas Beecham  
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umbia: 12" LP). Beecham patron-  
izes this naïvely irresistible music; the  
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**Gould: Latin-American Sym-**  
**phonette, with Barber: Overture**  
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**Strings, Essay for Orchestra** (How-  
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Rochester Orchestra; Mercury: 12"  
LP). The recorded fidelity of this  
verges on the fantastic; it's probably  
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**Granados: Three Spanish**  
**Dances, with Turina: Danzas Fan-**  
**tasticas** (Wilhelm Schuechter con-  
ducting Philharmonia Orchestra;  
MGM: 12" LP). Lovely, graceful,  
beautifully performed and recorded  
but for slight surface noise.

**Haydn: Symphonies No. 88 and**  
**93** (Hermann Scherchen conducting  
Vienna State Opera Orchestra; West-  
minster: 12" LP). Apart from the  
Toscanini Beethoven, and perhaps  
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**Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5**  
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Radio Symphony Orchestra; London:  
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poser before the Politburo converted  
him to a musical billboard painter.  
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**Ellington Uptown** (Duke Elling-  
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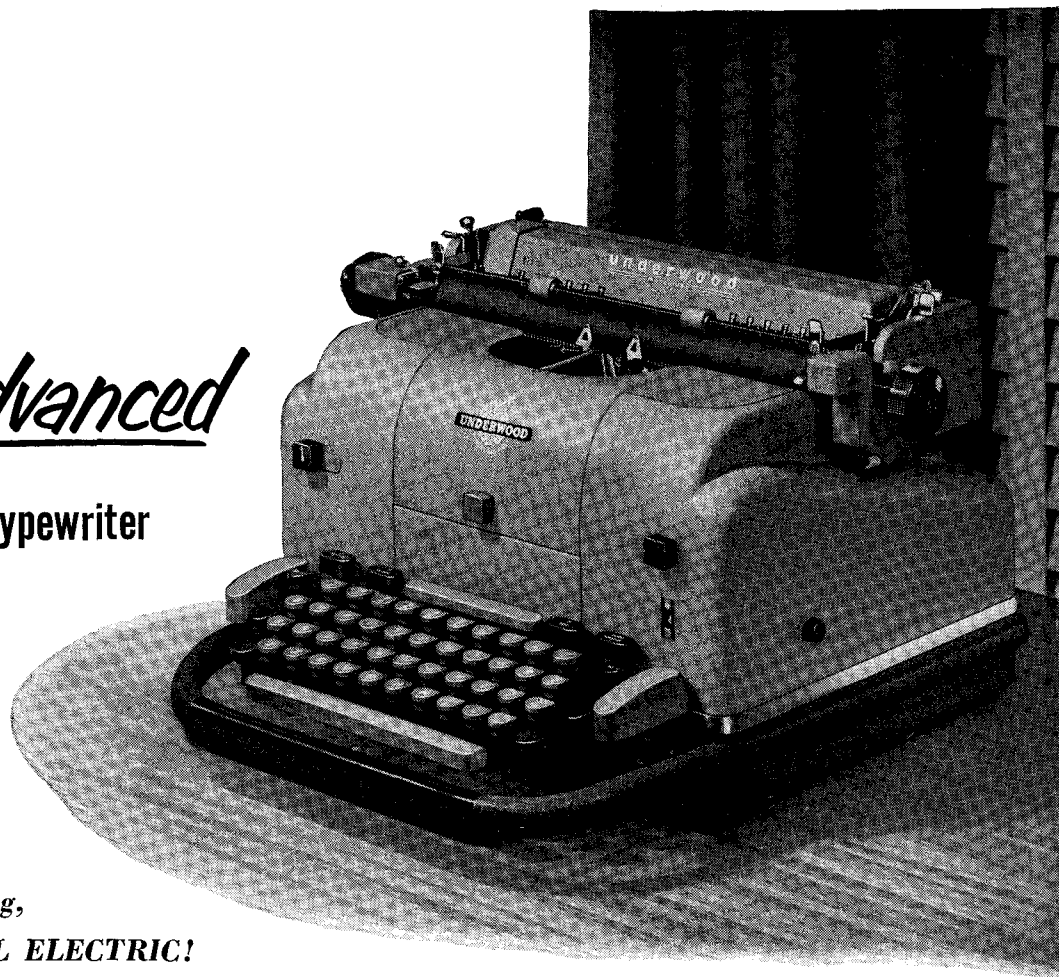
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walking in the meadow, too. Someday in  
another Springtime even sweeter  
than this. Someday when you're tired  
of romping in the brambles and chasing  
every little thing that moves. Someday when your  
fleece is the world's most beautiful...  
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